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UNION AND THE COLLEGE-BRED

IT IS a good thing for American life when college trained men band themselves together in the interests of certain things which their alma maters call ideals. It is particularly a good thing when these men are faithful to the view that religion is a not unessential part of civic virtue and mental culture. Whenever the people of this country see the world steadily for what it is, whenever they are really serious about their estimate of values, they are grateful for the existence of a Catholic method of higher education which is pledged to the duties and privileges of the soul. The average citizen does not like to be continually reminded, in an obtrusive fashion, that religious standards exist and are cherished; but no matter how he himself lives, he would not know how to get on without those standards. Therefore the ambition to unite Catholic college men is the fine fruit of a healthy patriotic impulse as well as the child of a resolve to make the riches of a spiritual tradition more evident and more readily serviceable.

The first convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation is now a matter of history. None of those who shared the hard work of bringing it about are unduly optimistic of the future, knowing full well that no organization leaps at once to the full stature

of manhood. But they do know that the details of their first endeavor were splendidly arranged: there was a breadth and a body to the work—a manifest steadiness of purpose and sincerity of resolve. It is hard to start anything, but the smoothness of this initial program did not reveal the tremendous difficulties that had been overcome nor the doubt of success that must sometimes have been a trial. Credit must go in a large measure to Mr. Edward S. Dore and his associates; and the fact that Mr. Dore has been made the first president of the organization is about as fine a pledge of future good work as anybody could hope to get. He is a busy man, an honest man, a broad and tactful man.

But perhaps the most illustrious aid given to the young federation was the active interest and benediction of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes. His kindly address at the first meeting stressed the virtues of charity and faith which are at the heart of the Catholic educational system. "This is a movement among the laymen," he said, "and the inspirational thought back of it all is your faith." It was evident that His Eminence had made a great personal sacrifice of time and energy on behalf of the movement; but it was always just as evident that he meant to give helpful at-

tion to its future development and achievement. His own great personal prestige will be an asset of incomparable value and beneficence. And with it must be ranked the interest and aid of the many other prelates and dignitaries who honored the occasion—among them Bishop Shahan, Monsignor Pace and Admiral Benson. Rarely has a new society come before the world under such brilliant auspices; and the visiting delegates from thirty colleges must have been deeply impressed with the dignity and solidarity of the great body to which they belong.

Precisely what will be the major purposes of the federation? For the present its great task must be organization. There are nearly 200,000 potential members, but a large share of these have been lost track of by their own colleges or universities. To get hold of as many of these as possible; to set them thinking about the value of firm union; and to stimulate them to vigorous coöperation—these are not dramatic tasks, but upon getting them done the future depends. The convention agreed that associate memberships could be held by those who have graduated from secular universities; and thus the door has been opened as far as is now feasible to Newman Club alumni, whose strength will, in time, prove very important. It is easy to see that some day a great pattern may be woven of now widely scattered strands—a pattern that is like a mighty army for the defense and victorious advance of spiritual culture. When its recruiting has been done and its position secured, the federation can undertake to aid in the settlement of educational problems which have already been clearly visualized and which are of so much concern to Catholic educators everywhere.

The organization has a model in the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, but its purposes must naturally be different in some particulars. Women have different aims and opportunities than come to men, but the two groups will stand together for common causes. We do not believe in being riotously enthusiastic. Many a noble endeavor perishes on a diet of applause.

But the feeling is warranted that the launching of the alumni federation augurs better days for the Catholic educational system in this country. Those better days cannot come too soon; for it grows more and more obvious that while scholarship and the discipline of the mind, no matter in what spurious forms they may exist, are the lights by which contemporary America has determined to be guided, for weal or woe according to the measure in which the kingdom of the soul shall have its share in the great domain of human science.

To unite for the advancement of the Catholic intelligence is, it is true, only one form of lay activity demanded by the present age. We say "demanded" for two reasons: in the first place the nature of American life and of the strong currents in contemporary

civilization make it impossible for the average man to live apart from definite religious policies and concerns; in the second place, the call to the layman has come from high quarters in the Church—from the hierarchy and the spokesmen of great religious orders—in unequivocal accents of confidence and of understanding.

Are the conclusions of Christian social philosophy in danger of neglect? It is the layman, our bishops have said, who must rise to their defense. Is the beauty of a great cultural tradition being obscured by ugly substitutes which rival Puritanism in their sacking of immemorial shrines? Again it is the layman, summoned by those who are his ecclesiastical superiors, who must join hands with his brethren in a vow to rescue the treasure which long ages have struggled to amass. He cannot claim for himself a sphere of activity—apart, of course, from the functions of the sacred ministry—which has not already been urged upon him time and time again by those whose counsel he is most ready to follow.

All this is encouraging proof that the very difficulties of the era in which we live have suggested certain potential remedies. And as the layman goes on with the endeavor entrusted to him, as he attempts to perform the tasks which have been assigned to him, he will discover other problems and new agencies for the reason that he lives in immediate effectual contact with surrounding society. He has a way to make, children to rear, practical work to do. Sometimes he will see how these daily plans of his are bound up with the eternal purposes of the religious life; and because he sees clearly he will act steadily and effectively.

"The Catholic layman must do what he can; he must be permitted to do what he can." These words of a prominent religious authority are a kind of charter for the work of groups like the Catholic Alumni Federation. And like all charters born of insight and charity, this one will prove its wisdom more fully as years go on.

There is, for the world which lives apart from Christian guidance, no deeply respected authority other than academic authority. The doctrines of philosophy, of science, of social relationships, as they are given out dictatorially from the high places of secular learning, carry more and more weight with a generation which entrusts itself almost ruthlessly to the colleges. Can the Catholic voice be heard? Shall the abiding wisdom of the masters of religious learning be brought to bear upon the civilization of this America to which our hearts are given in patriotic fealty? That the affirmative answers to these questions lie, to a large extent, in the hands of laymen is a circumstance which, because it has been vouched for by an ever increasing number of princes of the Church, ought to be accepted by such organizations as the new federation with pride and conscientious resolve.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THERE were days when people used to talk earnestly about Socialism and wonder if "the party of protest" might succeed in establishing itself federally. At present, however, many are inclined to ask if this party is not on the road to utter extinction. During the last two elections in New York, the vote cast for the Socialist candidates stood at the spare total of 45,000—a total which is of such meagre importance electorally that only the firmest kind of political allegiance could induce a citizen to affiliate himself with it. There is really no fun whatever in casting your ballot for something which has only a phantom existence, and whose function is confined to holding its little self erect whatever winds may blow. Of course these are prosperous times which afford abundant opportunity for addresses by Mr. Hoover and for substantial bank-accounts. You can't very well organize the proletariat when it is busy getting out of proletarianism. Even so, perhaps the fundamental reason for the Socialist decline must be sought elsewhere—in the gradually deepening American conviction that the remedy for social distress and inequality is to be sought in coöperative effort.

AT present it is again the farmer who, because of a suddenly too ample and low priced corn crop, is hard pressed for money and security, and by the very nature of things he neither is, nor can be, a Socialist. His demands for further assistance from the federal government are in the direction of the development of coöperative marketing. He is not at all interested in government operative control. And thereby he affi-

ates himself in theory with the American Federation of Labor which is now definitely pledged to a wage-scale based on labor's share in production. In short, the modern policy of economic reform in this country is so markedly at odds with whatever is definite in the Marxian system, that there seems to be no room for the system. This is not a fact which we should be inclined to regret. But if a "party of protest" established itself upon another basis and wrote a theoretic syllabus adapted to American life, it would live on as a useful spur to the correction of abuses and the promotion of the public weal.

"FATE tried to conceal him by naming him Smith," may be just as true now as it ever was; but certainly the present governor of New York has won a magnificent victory over destiny. In spite of a bitter primary campaign, during which the chieftains of Democracy in the metropolis called each other names with the most evident relish and threatened to bring even Tammany down upon themselves, a record vote on Election Day completely buried the Republican machine. It was a Smith victory. It was just another in a series of Smith victories. Much was said before the casting of ballots took place, and much was poorly said. There might well have been some doubt in the minds of average citizens as to precisely what the leading candidates proposed to do for the betterment of urban life, but they let themselves be guided by the one bright luminary on the horizon—their governor, whose record as a public servant is clear and whose name as a man is honored everywhere. Doubtless also New York proudly had its eye on its possible Democratic candidate for the President's office; and though no one is as yet able to assert that the party will risk following a leader who is also a Catholic, circumstances favor the disavowal of this ancient prejudice as circumstances never did before.

IN the first place, the Klan—owing to the temporary strength of the Republican party—has affiliated itself in many places with Republicanism. In the second place, Governor Smith is respected and admired by many who normally might shy at naming a Catholic for the Chief Executive's position. The Governor is, perhaps, our best example of virtue which is also political virtue: he knows the ins and outs of organization, the ways and means for getting out a big vote, and the management of subordinate party leaders. He must be termed a "boss"—one of a growing number of modern "bosses" who, like Mayor Dever of Chicago or the late Senator La Follette in Wisconsin, have substituted honesty for meanness, and public service for private depredation. The fact that they exist and are appreciated is one of the finest possible proofs that our system of government is responsive to the public will for betterment, and that improvement of the general political conscience is not beyond reasonable hope.

NEWS from many centres indicates that the Klan without its false-face is at least no more terrifying than the Klan of yore. The citizens of Detroit and elsewhere have given a verdict which, though it is probably not final, should impress sundry organizers as rather tart. Even they must feel that the materials of prejudice, smoulder however much they may, cannot in this country be easily fanned into a conflagration. The stupidity of basing a political campaign upon religious and race prejudice receives a fresh illustration. Both politics and prejudices change; there are two sides to every fight; and no internecine war, even when the weapons of combat were bloodless, has ever brought prosperity to the combatants. The chief result of Klannish activities in the United States is, not to drive Catholics or anybody else into a hiding-place, but to arouse the contempt of a great agnostic populace for certain forms of Christian belief. The time seems ripe for respectable Protestants to realize that crass ignorance, militant rigorism and unfair methods are not going to bring into the churches those people who go fishing on Sunday and gaming on Saturday. The Klan is an experiment of some years' standing; it has converted no one and certainly it has convinced no one; but it has most effectively stirred to cynical laughter that ever-increasing group for whom, in a very literal and disappointing fashion, "the peace of God passeth all understanding." Catholics, of course, oppose the hooded organization from motives of self-defense; but in their more philosophic moments they see that the menace is not merely an affair of election days, or personal to their own body. It is something which alienates and antagonizes still further a largely de-Christianized community. It is something that makes a jest of charity. It is in a very real sense a stone which is rolled before the Tomb in the Garden and the Day of Resurrection.

THE "Catholic Congress" of the American Episcopal Church, held in New Haven, offered much upon which we should like to speculate. There was, to begin with, an amazing amount of liturgical discussion, so much indeed, that a listener with the historic sense might have felt tempted to rub his eyes, and wonder whether the rifling of the monasteries and the great wave of Puritanism that followed it, had been an evil dream. Perhaps the most interesting and surprising recommendation was one to the effect that the sanctuary lamp, that glowing core of worship and recollection before which it has been hard for even the unbeliever to stand unmoved, should be hung in Episcopal churches. And the congress was opened by a "Mass," the ornate solemnity of which must awaken a wistful wonder how long the Anglo-Catholic and American Episcopal communions will be content to stand apart from frank submission to the Holy See, and to refuse the gesture that would be the greatest triumph the cause of Christ has achieved in 500 years.

A KEY-NOTE speech by Bishop Ivins, of Milwaukee, struck a chord which is familiar to readers of Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's *Walled Towns*. A very great deal of profound thinking is compressed into remarks such as this—"We are rapidly losing the very foundations of our civilization. People are living in holes in the wall: the social graces of the home have become the manners of the restaurant and the public dancing hall." Dr. Ivins is not the only one whom the spectacle of modern life, particularly in prosperous and impetuous America, appals; nor the only one who finds that, apart from the "Lumen Christi" so exquisitely typified in the meek sanctuary lamp which some of his communion would restore, all is darkness and despair. Something very like nostalgia creeps into the mood of him who sees so many well-intentioned movements of reform as mere unstable and fluttering phantoms, which cannot be brought to perch anywhere in company with a solid principle. In any case, Catholics, sick at heart and disgusted at the coarse abuse and misrepresentation that greet them from quarters where their faith and practice are felt as utterly alien, cannot but welcome such a congress as that just held at New Haven with its reverent treatment of things they hold too dear to grudge to others who are in good faith. The words of Father Francis Woodlock, of the Society of Jesus, taken from a treatise on "modernism" just published in England, may serve as a mouthpiece for the general feeling of Catholics toward what is commonly called the "High Church" in England—and America no less.

"SINCERE Anglo-Catholics who hold firmly to the dogmas of the creeds, and who cling to so very many Catholic truths and practices, have a hard task before them today. On their courage and loyalty, strengthened by the grace of God—which will not be lacking to them—depends the Christianity of the Church of England in the future. . . . There must be no truce or armistice with modernism, no agreeing to a compromise that might even result in the Creeds becoming merely an "alternative use" in the liturgy of the English Church. Modernists may grow in strength and may claim their concession at some future day. Our prayers and sympathies go with the Anglo-Catholic body in its struggle, for none of us can feel indifferent to the triumph of Christianity over rationalism at altars and in pulpits that were once the Catholic altars and pulpits of undivided Western Christianity."

ONE of the encouraging things about education is the amount of attention it is getting from the press of the country. Each Sunday brings its six-page report, generously illustrated, of the furious activity now going on about the campuses; and the very statistics of university life keep the telephone girls busy all Saturday afternoon and night. It is only natural that mighty Harvard should leap to the fore once again,

tugging at her crimson skirts her sisters of the formidable three. She expresses her "belief and hope that these three universities may set up a standard which will improve all college athletics," going on modestly to affirm the effect of good example upon the straying young. "What we make of collegiate athletics," runs the dictum, "becomes the ideal for school athletics, where our mistakes and our sins are copied, and where their evil consequences are multiplied by the enthusiasm of imitation."

THESE words have an honest Johnsonian ring. They are manifestly sincere and they are also manifestly out of date. One is forced to concede, however reluctantly, that the stride of the formidable three across the greensward of their classic bowls is without the flexible vigor which inflates scores. We are not a sports writer. A seven-day bicycle race is, as the Brook Farmers would have said, "beyond our sphere of influence." And yet we shall risk the statement that, compared with a football aggregation of the first water, Harvard elevens of the past few seasons have been noteworthy chiefly for their artistic temperaments. This does not, of course, detract from the real value of what the Harvard committee on the regulation of athletic sports is trying to do—the attempt to make football and other games pastimes for college men instead of spectacular battles between young men who—too frequently—are on the ragged edge of being in the employment of their alma maters.

BEING a university president is a form of exercise which Hazlitt—who was fond of comparisons—might have likened to that acrobatic endeavor which strives to ride four horses at the same time. As a president you are supposed to have much to say about the nation's business; about the modern ideals; about the civilizations of other lands and races. And of course you will know exactly what to do with both faculty and clamorous student body, in an age when even children have ideas of their own about the conduct of life. Who, then, will blame the stalwart prexy if occasionally he seeks to tune in on the popular intellectual melodies? "The whole proposition of allowing complete freedom of speech," said President Hopkins of Dartmouth College in a recent address, "is based on a sincere belief that freedom of thought is practically impossible if freedom of speech is denied, and that therefore without freedom of speech education is impossible." He wishes "to allow men access to different points of view and to secure their adherence to conclusions on the basis of their own thinking;" he feels that the college-bred ought not to be placed at a disadvantage with regard to the young in industrial plants who "swarm out to listen to the earnest presentation of all sorts of wild social theories."

NOW surely it is easy to see what happens to the principle of education under such an hypothesis. The

university becomes a place where people learn rather than a place where people are taught; the standard is neither a tradition nor a doctrine but simply the individual will to embrace one of innumerable conflicting tendencies. The whole scheme is based on moral and mental relativity which breeds doubt and cynicism and which prevents organized effort. Can we suggest such a scheme to Americans? The foundation of the state is civil allegiance; the basis of religion is either firm—firm as a rock—or it is nothing whatever; and the substructure of knowledge itself is definite scientific truth. No. It may be the business of later life to seek after righteousness and reality, but it is essentially the affair of youth to learn the use of mental and spiritual implements which the race has discovered. This is especially true because—again it was Hazlitt who said so—"there is a feeling of eternity in youth."

IMITATION is the sincerest flattery, but trepidation runs it a close second, if, indeed, it does not outrun it at times. No one, in the new sphere of influence to which his influence and activities will probably be transferred, will think any the less of the Reverend Dr. Kirk, of Baltimore, because he admits, while making up his mind whether to accept or refuse a call to a New York pastorate, that "New York is the only city in the world which frightens him." The very special state of mind which New York is expected to induce in every man who lives among its toppling buildings, is by now an article of faith. Books and poems are written whose object is to convey the effect of its overpowering confusions. It is conceded that the stranger who ventures within its gates must pass through a novitiate of bewilderment and numbness before rising to the heights of its inspiration. Our own advice to the hesitant Dr. Kirk is to take a little heart and realize that a thing can be very big in scale without being at all big in conception. He might remember also that the thing for which his profession stands is very much taller and very much stronger rooted than the tallest building men's hands have made and that the destiny of the still, small voice is to be heard through the veriest hubbub man's inventions can create. Many thousands of lives in the Empire City are lived out to their end in a Thébaïde which takes little account of the confusion which reigns around them. Many thousands of men and women walk its canyons daily with no shadow of them at all upon their souls. The skyscrapers, it may be admitted, are a bit frightening to one whose lines have been cast in sleepy Baltimore. But Mr. Dooley has reminded us that if they are called skyscrapers, they are not called so by the sky.

DOCTOR JOSEPH WIRTH, before returning to Berlin after an extensive tour of the United States, to which he had come as a delegate to the Congress of the Interparliamentary Union, expressed certain convictions which should prove of interest to his

countrymen. The former chancellor is noted for his conviction that the republic must endure, and that a sound social order must be the goal of the Centre party and the nation. His numerous contacts with important individuals and groups in this country naturally did much in the way of restoring a more amiable American attitude of mind toward the people of the former Reich. But Doctor Wirth's position here was that of a man who wished to learn, rather than that of a man who wished to teach. The first conclusion at which he arrived is that American financial aid for the rehabilitation of Europe depends upon the establishment of peace. He has now declared, shortly after regaining his native country, that help will come when the stability of the new republic is assured and its eagerness to abandon hopes of a military revenge has been proved. What he says to his fellow-citizens will be respected, if only because they are now so deeply interested in the policy of the United States. His words may have their effect in helping to tide Germany over a difficult situation which is not easily or often understood.

THE existing opposition to the Locarno treaties, as evidenced both in the ministry and in the Reichstag, is a matter of grave concern in London and Paris. What is the cause of the severe struggle now being waged in Germany over an accord which everybody seemed to welcome so heartily? It is simply this: many are convinced that the proposed treaties merely guarantee a status quo which itself was one of the great issues at Locarno. They feel that their representatives were outwitted in accepting a condition imposed by the Treaty of Versailles and now to be legalized by compact. "The peoples of Europe," says Dr. Carl Schmitt, "have been asked to call a great many things 'peace,' from the Holy Alliance to the League of Nations. And now 'peace' is the guarantee of the status quo. But if the status quo is not itself peace, then the guarantee of its permanence is something worse than war—it is the legalizing of an unendurable compromise between peace and war, during which those who have political power deprive the politically weak not merely of life but also of rights and honor." In short many Germans—even many in the unusually conciliatory Centre party—are convinced that their country cannot honorably agree to underwrite a political condition which is in itself unjust and ruinous. Perhaps the United States has not given sufficient heed to this point of view. Perhaps we have let our natural longing for peace overwhelm our perception of great difficulties which still obstruct the road that leads to it. But Doctor Wirth is absolutely right in thinking that this country will not bind itself to abiding political and economic agreements with European nations, that it will not abandon its policy of aloofness from international federation until it is reasonably sure that the floods of war-fed lava have

hardened sufficiently to make roads of peace more reliable. His message will have its weight.

WE referred recently to the very striking pilgrimages to Rome by working-class federations and fraternities which have been taking place during the past few months, and to the Supreme Pontiff's appreciation of all they signify. Another among the important events with which the Holy Year has been crowded was the audience granted by Pius XI to the second Scandinavian pilgrimage, consisting of 210 persons, of whom only thirty were Catholics. The reverential and even devout attitude of these pilgrims from Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Iceland, has left a most favorable impression upon the minds of the cosmopolitan society that makes up the city of Rome; and, as may well be imagined by all who understand the deep, silent impressionability of Scandinavian people, their innate poetry and refinement of nature, the events of their visit to the glorious halls and churches of the Vatican will leave undying memories in their hearts. The fact is, that with the exception of some remnants of old Lutheran controversies, there is very little rancor left in the Scandinavian heart in the questions of religion. The people are rather in an uninstructed state, and regard with a sort of frightened mystery the continued existence and multiplying powers of Catholicity throughout the world, while they recognize, some of them with deep concern, the decline of religious spirit, especially in their cities, and the apparent lack of efficiency on the part of the Lutheran clergy to stem the tide of unbelief, misguided radicalism, and even immorality that assails their communities.

THE good folk of Scandinavia who are not of Catholic faith, have done well to kneel for the blessing of him whom Catholics hail as their Holy Father. They take the benediction of a holy, learned and spiritual head of a vast organization outside of which they stand, and listen in hushed bewilderment like the birds around some vine-clad cathedral where within there is chanting of the vast Misereres, the superb Te Deums and the eternal Kyries of a world ancient, modern and crowned with a deathless future. Crowded among the Italians, Portuguese, French, Germans and English, they must have had a realization of the universal character of their ancient church, which is hinted at in the lovely pre-Reformation ruins and restored cathedrals of their native lands. They will shake off a great melancholy from their hearts as they restore themselves, in bodies daily increasing, to the bosom of their Mother Church.

ON the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Institute Catholique, which will be celebrated with due solemnity during the week beginning November 24, Monsignor Dubois, the Cardinal-

Archbishops of Paris, has addressed to the faithful of the diocese some stirring words upon the progress made since the law of August 11, 1875, put an end to the monopoly of university teaching held by the Sorbonne. Although the position in France and in this country differs very widely, his words refer to an ideal of higher Catholic education that cannot too often be stated. "The defense of the faith and of the Church," says Cardinal Dubois, "has to be made on every ground on which they are attacked . . . Theologians, philosophers, exegesis, historians, jurists, scholars and writers today form a solid phalanx, which leaves no attack, from whatever quarter it proceeds, without an answer . . . A free university should group together, for common action, at least a proportion of these defenders of the truth. It will afford them support from within. Their studies will be mutually enlightening, and their conclusions will gain in force and in public attention." In view of the new interest in lay apostolate to which The Commonwealth is proud to have given one voice the more, and the growing consciousness, in this country no less than in France, that the attack on Christian principles, by reason of its very extension and insidiousness, calls for new weapons and an intensive watchfulness, the words of the French Cardinal are worth laying to heart by American Catholics, due heed being paid to the different circumstances in the two countries.

FRUITS OF JUSTICE

THE fruits of patience and long study in matters of constructive social reform have seldom been better instanced than in the new plank which the American Federation of Labor has just added to its theory of wages. The National Catholic Welfare Conference, in drawing attention to the fact that it closely follows the statement on the same subject foreshadowed by the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction, issued as long ago as six years, has performed a service not only to the Catholic communion, but to the cause of sane and constructive betterment everywhere. The bishops' theory, it may be remembered, provided for a basic living wage for all workers, and for differentials beyond that point for special skill, hazards, irksomeness of employment, etc. Now the American Federation of Labor has laid it down as its opinion that wages should progress in proportion to man's increasing power of production.

There is no conflict between the two statements. The right to a living wage as the very minimum of social justice was strongly affirmed in the closing words of the bishops' program. "The employer has a right to get a reasonable living out of his business, but he has no right to interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least living wages." But, earlier in the program, it was made clear that "the granting of this minimum by no means exhausted

the duty of capital towards labor." The statement was made that it is "not only of very questionable morality but unsound economically" to deny workers more than a living wage when the margin of productivity and profit permitted something better. In a word, the claim for better wages was made to rest where justice demands it should rest, on the wealth of our country and its ability to provide far more than a living wage for a very large proportion of our workers.

It will be seen that while the labor theory expects that labor is to get its whole share of the production of the country in the wage envelope, the bishops' program looks to a change in industrial ownership through which the workers will no longer be "mere wage-earners" and therefore will not receive all of their income in wages. The bishops' program foresees the establishment of coöperative production and co-partnership societies and it declares that until this is created, we will not have an efficient system of production nor a society safe from revolution. The emphasis of the American Federation of Labor program is laid upon wages. The emphasis of the bishops' program is laid first upon wages and second upon a higher income and steadier and freer industrial system through the establishment of coöperative industry and approaches thereto. Consumers coöperation is urged to protect the consumers from exploitation.

"But labor's use of the term 'wages' in its new statement must not be interpreted too strictly," declares the statement issued by the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "The leaders of the labor movement know that while as yet they must speak in terms of wages, they are even now preparing for changes that have come about through labor banking, labor insurance and labor investment which will permit them to look to income from other sources than the wage envelope. Apart from these agencies which tend towards and encourage copartnership and coöperation, there is the effect also of the different profits of concerns in the same industry and market upon the possibility of labor's getting a fair share of our increased productivity through wages alone. A concern that is able to pay 15 percent on the value of the company may be in competition with a concern barely able to pay 6 percent or less. If the wages are the same for all the workers at the same trade in both concerns, then there will have to be a certain pooling of all profits over a certain rate and this money divided in part among all the employees at the end of a fiscal year, or else labor will not get its share of the increasing production. Either that or the high-cost concerns, some of which are necessary, will close their doors. Pooling of profits and their division in part among the employees paves the way itself for investment by labor and thus opens up again the vista of coöperation. The logic of facts is turning labor more and more towards a gradual change in its viewpoint, first in banking and

the investment market and now in its theory of wages."

Comment upon a theory so clearly and temperately outlined is scarcely necessary. But it is permissible to point out two very pronounced hall-marks of usefulness which the new pronouncement of the American Federation of Labor bears. The first is that the note of class warfare is happily absent and that the element of practicability is kept steadily in view. The second is that there is every indication that the pronouncement by the bishops, though made from the moral point of view, has been its inspiration. This pronouncement in its turn is nothing less than an application which knowledge of the conditions in their own country gives them a right to make, of the general principles issued many years ago, in the epoch-making encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*. There could hardly be a better instance of the process which, without irreverence, it is permissible to call "team-work," or of the effectiveness which schemes for social betterment gain when inspired from the quarter whence men of all creeds are growing more and more used to expect the conscience of Christendom to be made vocal.

The *Rerum Novarum* did not receive the close study it merited at the time it was issued. After the controversy and comment which it brought forth had died away, other problems and what seemed more urgently actual necessities forced it, as they have a fashion of doing, somewhat into the background. The evils and questionings which the war left us have restored it to the prominence in human consciousness which it lost during the terrible years when the great struggle was brewing in the rivalries between nations and the mad belief in force as ultimate law. The groups which are springing up all over the world for its study are with us today to prove that not only did good will, inspired from above, preside at its inditing, but also a realization of what was coming upon the world, which, seen at a distance of so many years, strikes the student of social science as hardly less than prophetic.

WHITTLERS

AT the present crisis in our literature, when a new curiosity as to his aesthetic background is beginning to seize upon the young intellectual, it might be worth someone's while to take a retrospective glance at the old-time Yankee whittler, and to see if something or other could not be done with him.

The Yankee whittler was an authentic and much commented figure. On barn thresholds, store steps, or, if nothing better offered, on a fallen log, it was his joy and pleasure to sit for many golden hours at a time, paring a billet of soft wood into slivers and spirals of uneven length but exquisite thinness, and catching a joy that was mystic and inward as the fragile and fragrant splinters, plentifully bedewed from time to time with tobacco juice, heaped themselves about his cow-hide soles. Visitors from Europe

seldom failed to take note of him in their journals and diaries. They remarked the nervous movements of his lean, powerful hands, the hands of a free man, whittling, whittling away with a magnificent gesture till nothing at all was left. They contrasted them with the stolidity of the home-born peasant, content, under similar circumstances, to sit carving a similar piece of wood, slowly and laboriously, into goats, sheep, chess-men, or something else that bore a groveling likeness to life.

The restlessness of the whittler, of course, had the benighted traveler but realized it, was merely racial art-impulse, waiting till something more worth while than wood should offer on which to expend it. Something better now seems to have arrived. At a lecture held lately under the auspices of the American Literary Association, Mr. Clement Wood, its national president, lifted his voice to bewail "the welter of mediocre verse that is coming off the printing-presses month by month," and trying to find some good and sufficient reason for it. He went so far as to criticize a certain "poetry course" which is not content with setting a pace of twenty to two hundred poems per week per poet, but recommends their publication in book form when the course is over and the fees of Pegasus have been settled for.

No one, it seems to us, need share Mr. Wood's perplexity who will keep the figure of the Yankee whittler firmly in mind. To slice the language into splinters and curls, to watch them fall, with the haphazardness that we know now is art, into such happy wreaths and designs as

"Fat! Fat! Fat! Fat! I am the personal.

Your world is you. I am my world,"

is to taste a joy the whittler never knew, but only because Mr. Gorham Munson, or some critic of equal calibre and perception was not at hand to help him.

Mr. Wallace Stevens, the author of the immortal couplet just quoted, is tasting it this month, as he peruses his marked copy of the November Dial. Mr. Stevens, before whose arrival, on Mr. Munson's authority, American literature "lacked a dandy," will learn, or in all probability has already learned, that "no one has more carefully observed to the letter the restrictions of the art-master, or more perfectly observed the virtue of impeccable form," than he. And that is that.

In justice to the old Yankee whittler, it might be added that he let his shavings lie where they fell, and that the idea of tying them up into ribboned bunches to decorate his parlor walls, far less of asking his intimates what they thought about it all, never occurred to him. But then his was a careless, pioneering life, out-of-doors and out-at-elbows, and the amount of untutored genius he squandered for lack of critics, still unborn, who could have told him how good it all was, is the scandal of our present frugal age.

STATE UNIVERSITIES

III. THE MIDDLE-AGED MENTORS

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

(This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Bates, the fourth and concluding one of which will appear in the next issue of The Commonwealth.—The Editors.)

THE FACULTY of a university is popularly supposed to be a single organism with head, tail, various limbs and members all working in unison. Of recent years, however, this organism has bifurcated, and the head, absorbing more and more of the body, now moves steadily in one direction while the tail flounders uncertainly in another. By the head I naturally refer to the president and administrative officers, by the tail I mean the teaching staff. Respect demands that the former should be dealt with first.

The president is chosen by the board of regents. He is a kind of grand vizier or mayor of the palace who, if sufficiently forceful, may succeed in practically dethroning the board and becoming an autocratic ruler himself, but his tenure is insecure and execution may await him in case of a false step. More often he finds it convenient to employ chicanery and to lead the board by the nose without the board's being aware of it. Most often of all, he is brought by self-interest to adopt the outlook of the board.

We already know something of the board's usual ideals. The regents of a certain university recently stated the qualifications they were seeking in a new president—first, a good war record, "preferably of actual service in the field;" second, business ability; third, scholarship. The yearning for a military hero is not always present, but the subordination of scholarship to business ability is well-nigh universal. What do the regents expect from the president? They are accustomed to judge the success of a business enterprise by its growth, and they make the same demands here. The president is expected to be able to announce every year that the entering and graduating classes are the largest in the history of the institution; the university should if possible beat its rivals in football, track-meet, and baseball; it should flatter the high schools; it should remain on friendly terms with all the newspapers in the state; it should, in a word, advertise itself. The object of getting more students is to advertise the university; the object of advertising the university is to get more students. Few presidents can resist the charm of this vicious circle. None who value their success with the regents dare to resist it.

As a result, our state universities have been misled into adopting the competitive methods of the business world. Every institution regards other institutions in neighboring states and still more those in the same state as rivals or potential rivals. There is internecine

warfare between the state university and the agricultural college; if the two are on the same campus this often resolves itself into a duel with small swords; if at a distance, into a battle with heavy artillery. One might suppose that the more culture the farmers of the state possessed, the better for the university; or that the more knowledge of practical affairs the other classes in the community possessed, the better for the farmers; but our institutions do not view it so. The agricultural college watches the vocational activities of the university with a jealous and jaundiced eye; while the university, in its turn, is likely to protest if cultural courses are offered with any seriousness by the college. This is the direct opposite of a generous rivalry in educational zeal; it is an attempt to capitalize the weakness of a business competitor. The same attitude creeps into the separate schools and departments of the university. Appropriations usually come to those which can show the largest number of students. Hence each is suspected by the other—and usually suspected rightly—of seeking to enlarge its enrolment at their expense. Nearly all strive to obtain preferential tariffs in the form of required courses. Truly, our current phrase "the business of education," is well chosen.

Another result is a continual lowering of standards both for entrance and graduation. Time was that the colleges exerted a beneficial effect upon the standards of the high school. Today the influence is all the other way. States are constantly busy increasing the number of high schools. The latter, large and small, good and bad, wish to be "accredited;" that is, to have their graduates admitted to the university without examination, and the university is usually only too glad to gratify them. Any attempt to stem the tide spells disaster for the one who attempts it. He will have the president, the state superintendent, and the board all against him. There are not wanting men on the faculty to support the current policy by argument. "A democracy," it is said, "should educate everyone who desires an education." Then follow two false but popular assumptions—first, that coming to college necessarily indicates that one desires an education; second, that staying in college indicates that he receives it. The triumphant conclusion is reached that everyone who seeks admission to the university should be admitted and that everyone who sticks around long enough should be graduated.

The administration, nearly everywhere, has set its heart upon numbers and it has gained its heart's desire. Figures put out by the United States Bureau of Educa-

tion show that in the nine years from 1913 to 1921 inclusive, the number of students, omitting summer school, law, and medicine, at the University of California increased from 5,383 to 15,332; at the University of Illinois, from 4,687 to 9,698; at the University of Iowa, from 2,146 to 6,165; at the University of Michigan, from 5,099 to 9,043; at the University of Minnesota, from 4,864 to 10,764; at the University of Missouri, from 2,544 to 5,444; at the University of Nebraska, from 3,316 to 7,632; at Ohio State University, from 3,408 to 8,055; at the University of Texas, from 2,366 to 5,454; at the University of Washington, from 2,423 to 5,410; at the University of Wisconsin, from 4,237 to 8,102. East or west, the story has been the same. No wonder the American public is proud and happy. The universities doubled in ten years and still going strong. Twice as many students educated! That the mathematical gain is not so striking if twice as many students are less than half as well educated, has naturally not been drawn to the public's attention.

Postponing discussion of the disastrous effect of this sudden over-population on the morale of the student body, it must be noted here that as far as the faculty is concerned, effective teaching has become in many institutions utterly impossible. The professor no longer knows his students by sight; he is acquainted with their work only by hearsay through his assistants who correct the papers; in his lectures he must bawl at the top of his voice to a class too large to hear him. Courses necessarily become more and more mechanized, more and more stereotyped. But while the professor strains the capacity of lungs, blackboards, leaflets, and syllabi in a vain effort to reach his class, the administration calls lustily for more students.

The greater the number of students, the greater the number of buildings, administrative officers, and other material equipment that are needed or supposed to be needed. Libraries, laboratories, and classrooms are evidently essential; but red tape is considered even more so. In the mediaeval period when people were really interested in education—in the thing and not merely in the name—universities were even larger than today without requiring any of our modern paraphernalia of grades, reports, innumerable committees and officials. But such has become our love of these things that one finds in the contemporary university a whole army of clerks employed simply in keeping the records. These records have become the sacred books of the institution. I once had a graduate student whose master of arts diploma was accidentally post-dated by two years, thus making it appear that he had taken three years to complete the work of one. Do you suppose that he, or I, or the whole graduate council could do anything about it? If so, you don't know the modern university. The wrong date had somehow gotten upon the records, and there it must remain. Such imbecility extends and is bound to extend

wherever records, grades, and bits of paper are considered more important than human beings. The red tapists of the administrative offices constitute a permanent red terror in the life of the university.

Of late years the number of deans has grown appallingly. Besides the dean of the college of liberal arts and the dean of the graduate school, there are deans of men and deans of women; deans of education and deans of physical education; deans of journalism, deans of sociology; deans of this, and deans of that. In one institution that I have heard of there is even a dean of deans. These deans are men who have risen from the faculty, and their new administrative honors do not always sit lightly on their shoulders. On a still winter's night there is often much quarreling to be heard among the deans. Mother Goose might be paraphrased to illustrate the condition of many an institution—

*There was an old college that lived in a stew;
It had so many deans it didn't know what to do.*

The difference between a dean and an ordinary faculty member is much like that between a senator and a representative; the former is either very much better or very much worse than the latter. If the dean does not forget his humble origins and remains faithful to real educational ideals, he may be one of the most valuable men on the faculty. Indeed the only bulwark against the ineptitudes of the rest of the administration is sometimes supplied by the deans. They are not, however, responsible to the faculty, but to the president and board of regents, by whom they are appointed, and their interests tend to be identified with the existing order. There is little hope that as a class the deans either can or will make any permanent headway against the other forces of the administration.

Those middle-aged mentors, on the other hand, who compose the actual teaching force of the university, are willing enough but quite powerless. Perhaps, it is true, if they did not so fully recognize their own importance they might not be so utterly impotent. Shortly before the war, one hundred professors in Moscow went on a strike because of government interference with their liberties. In America I have never heard of a single instance of group resignations for such or any other cause. But before condemning American professors as moral cowards—which, no doubt, many of them are—let us remember their position. With no legal tenure of office, no legal influence over the government of the university, these men of highly specialized training, often unfitted for other work, their salaries insufficient to have permitted of savings, naturally hesitate to risk their careers and their financial future for what might well prove to be only a magnificent gesture. Though legally unrecognized, the teachers have a greater stake in the universities than anyone else—students, alumni, or regents—for they have usually given their whole mature lives

to their work. If after years of service they awake to their condition of slavery, the bitterness is theirs and not the public's. Let the public, then, either refrain from condemnation or take some action to change the situation which it has itself permitted to arise.

There remains the question of scholarship. The modern professor has little control over the quality of the students that enter his class, or even over the quality of those that pass out of it. A system of grading is in wide use that is called "the Missouri system" and that must have been invented by some veritable genius of democracy. According to this system each class furnishes its own norm. Approximately half the class must be given an average grade, usually III or C, according to nomenclature; one-fourth a grade above average, usually sub-divided into I and II or A and B; and one-fourth below, also usually sub-divided. Thus no matter how poor the class, at least three-fourths are sure of being passed. And no matter how far the standard of scholarship declines from year to year, this will never be apparent from the record. That such a colossal hoax should be accepted as the final word of wisdom in grading is sufficient condemnation of our whole grading plan. Beyond a simple "passed" or "failed," grades are a pestiferous nuisance, mendaciously pretending an impossible accuracy and misdirecting the efforts of both faculty and students. Yet they were never so popular as today. The more the Middle-Aged Mentors fail to impress the students by their living personality, the more they have recourse to grades as a substitute. Are standards of scholarship to be raised? At once the faculty proposes to accomplish the feat by having all grades posted, printed, or distributed by aeroplane. Are there Phi Beta Kappa members to be selected? Are scholastic honors of any kind to be offered? Page the grades! If objection is made that this emphasis leads the student to work for grades instead of knowledge, the answer is always ready that it is the only way in which he can be led to work at all. "Educated in spite of himself" is the label which the university thinks suitable for its graduates. No wonder that the poor student supposes grades and scholarship to be identical. He has little opportunity to glimpse the genial delights of learning, the pleasures of research, the joys of free discussion. Scholarship is a business transaction between him and the professor.

Too often the Middle-Aged Mentor has too little time or surplus energy to keep his own creative spirit alive. In the greater amount of teaching required from the faculty our state universities contrast unfavorably with the large, privately endowed universities of the East, or still more, with the state universities of Europe. Furthermore, the necessities or supposed necessities of competition compel every department to offer as complete and varied a list of courses as possible. Under these circumstances, the Middle-Aged Mentor instead of having time to make

"contributions to knowledge" is kept busy "getting up" new courses. He sees that the rewards of productive scholarship are slight; that the best scholars are not the ones who win promotion; that the most superficial pamphlet which has "practical" and advertising value will be looked upon with more favor by the university authorities than the most profound work of research. What wonder if, sooner or later, he abandons his ideals of scholarship, and labors instead to become a dean?

Naturally all these contemporary tendencies bear more hardly upon some departments than others. Schools of commerce or "business administration," as they prefer to be called—much as janitors like to be called "superintendents"—actually thrive under such conditions. The teaching of the physical sciences which depends largely upon method and the use of mechanical instruments is not fatally hampered. It is the humanities that suffer most in prestige and influence. Philosophy cannot well be advertised as a means to success in business, nor is Greek spoken in Rotarian conventions. Culture is least of all capable of large-scale production. Unfortunately it is culture that at the present time is most needed by students, regents, and—be it whispered—faculties.

The Middle-Aged Mentors are, in the main, conscientious, but they are not as a class particularly brave, and they have not sufficient ability to conceive and carry through unaided the educational reforms that are imperative. Unsupported by the public, the regents, or the students, they can hardly be counted upon to save the present deplorably low standards from sinking lower. Yet the ancient "lamp of learning" has been at least kept alight in their hands, though the oil is running low, and the fault is not primarily theirs if its rays are now dimmed in the glare of advertising signs.

In the Cluny Museum

A PAIR of Catherine de Medici's slippers—invented cleverly to slide on padded boards, like runners of a skate. No wonder that the "wily schemer glided" down the Louvre's smooth corridors, arriving disconcertingly unheralded upon the councils of her enemies.

The sandals of Venetian ladies. Also strange. With mushroom bases poised like heels beneath the front and rear of each. The delicately tinted beauties, stilted thus, should not have been afraid to step from out their gondolas to the canal-washed stairways of the palaces. And on rough days, where there were waves, the boatmen carried them up to the marble portico. Fortunate little feet!

The mules of Mazarin, the beaded shoes of Marie Antoinette, and so on, for a score. Until—a battered pair of little boots. Owner obscure. Centered right jauntily amid the territory of the great. The turned up toes wrinkled as roguishly as creases in a grin. *Bien sûr!*—they managed for themselves—over the cobbles. Arriving at the last, sore and triumphant, where they would be.

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

A HUMAN WAGE PLAN

By HENRY SOMERVILLE

IN MAKING the doctrine of the workers' right to a living wage the central part of his Labor Encyclical, Pope Leo XIII was rejecting some cherished theories of nineteenth-century political economy, but he was reverting to a principle that had been found practicable through centuries of mediaeval civilization. There is no better authority on economic history than the late Professor William Cunningham of Cambridge University who, comparing mediaeval with modern economic ideas, said—

The difference which emerges according as we start from one principle or the other comes out most distinctly with reference to wages. In the middle-ages wages were taken as a first charge; in modern times the reward of the laborer cannot but fluctuate in connection with the utility and market price of the things. There must always be a connection between wages and prices, but in the olden times wages were the first charge, and prices on the whole depended on them, while in modern times wages are, on the other hand, directly affected by prices.

After the encyclical of 1891, there were many Catholic employers on the continent of Europe who did not ignore the voice of Peter: they considered seriously how they might do what the Pope said was their duty to do in face of the perplexing exigencies of present-day business. These Catholic employers paid the best wages they could, under competitive conditions, to all their workers. But they could not fail to realize that even these wages, though they might meet the Pope's requirement of enabling some or even the majority of their workers to live in "frugal comfort," were insufficient for those workers who had to provide for three or more children. These Christian-minded employers therefore made special allowances, in excess of wages, to those of their workers who had these special family responsibilities.

It was a charitable and beneficial enterprise of these employers to make family allowances, but it was not business. The accepted economic idea was that wages are paid for work done, that they must be in proportion to the productivity of the worker, and not his needs due to domestic or other private circumstances. Family allowances, therefore, could not be part of wages, they were not the right of the worker, but a charitable gift from the employer. Not being obligatory either legally or economically there was little likelihood of their becoming a general charge on all employers.

In a competitive system there is always danger to an employer in saddling himself with charges from which his rivals are free. He raises his own costs of production and exposes himself to being undersold in the market. Thus the payment of family allow-

ances by voluntary, individual action on the part of employers was necessarily limited and precarious.

The need was to impose the same charges on all employers, in which case they were borne not by employers at all but by the industry as a whole. It was not enough for all employers to agree to pay family allowances, for then there might be undue burdens on those who happened to have a larger proportion of married workers with large families in their employment. There was an obvious danger that employers might be induced to give preference in hiring to unmarried or childless workers.

The solution of the problem was found in the great metallurgical centre of Grenoble and the initiative was taken by a Catholic employer, M. Romanet. The metallurgical employers in that district formed a central fund or pool to which each employer paid a contribution according to the number of workers on his payroll. Whether those workers were married or single, with children or without, did not affect the employer's payment to the pool. From this pool payments were made to the workers who were the parents of dependent children. These payments were called *sursalaire*, or extra-wage, and they were quite apart from the ordinary wage which every worker received from his own employer. The result was that married workers with dependent children received higher wages than workers who had less family responsibilities but it remained a matter of indifference to the individual employer whether his workers were entitled to the *sursalaire* or not. Reasons for discriminating in favor of the lower-paid unmarried worker were eliminated.

Such is the essential principle of this human wage plan which relates payment to human needs instead of merely to productivity. It is a plan which bases industry on the family instead of the individual unit. It accepts the human logic of "from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs," instead of the commercial logic of "equal pay for equal work." The ethics of this human wage plan need not be defended here. Neither need I now explain all the difficulties of detail that have had to be overcome in applying the plan to different districts and different industries. Sometimes the employers who contribute to the central fund or pool are organized, not according to industry, but according to locality. Sometimes they pay their contribution, not according to the number of their employees, but according to their total wages bill or their output or some other factor.

What is most likely to make people take notice of the plan is the fact that it is not a mere proposal—it is an established and widespread success. In France

the system applies to all workers in all branches of the public service which are under the central government. It applies to the great majority of the workers employed by local authorities. Under the state scheme the allowances are 495 francs per annum for each of the first two children and 840 francs for each subsequent child. The amounts are not very large but they are much larger according to French standards than they would seem to be by merely converting them into dollars at the current rate of exchange. The family wage system also applies to the workers on all the French railways, privately-owned as well as state-owned.

It is generally adopted throughout the French mining industry and the total allowances paid by mining companies in 1923 was 80,000,000 francs, or about 5 or 6 percent of the wages bill. Besides the family allowances paid in the public services, the railways and the mining industry, there were last year 151 examples of the central poor or equalization fund contributed to by 7,600 business firms with 800,000 workers and distributing 92,000,000 francs a year among workers as family allowances.

In Belgium all workers employed by the central government are under a family allowance system; the same is true of the majority employed by the provinces and a great number of the municipalities. The system is universally adopted throughout the Belgian mining industry and in addition there are at least twelve equalization funds covering other private industries and employing nearly 200,000 workers. In Belgium the Christian labor unions are themselves adopting the system. They levy contributions on their individual

members in order to pay special allowances of 500 francs per annum for each child after the second child to all their qualified members. Thus we see that Christian labor unions, as well as Christian employers, take the initiative in devising plans to relate remuneration to need.

Of Germany the report of the International Labor Office says—"The system of paying family allowances which developed during the war years has been continued and extended, until now it has been adopted to some extent in practically every industry, while in a number of important industries it applies to almost all workers throughout the country." The same is true of Austria and in a lesser degree of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Switzerland and other countries. In many cases these countries have family allowances provided for by collective agreements between employers and workers but without any provision of equalization funds.

Catholics have no option but to believe in the workers' right to a living wage and to strive to make that right real. Speaking generally, it is impossible for industry to pay a living wage if the minimum wage which is sufficient to maintain a family in frugal comfort has to be paid to all workers including those without families. Some differentiation of remuneration according to needs is necessary. This human wage plan does not entirely solve the problem of the proper distribution of the product of industry between labor and capital, but it insures a better distribution of wages among the workers; it relates wages to social welfare and family needs instead of leaving them to be settled by purely bargaining considerations.

HUNGARIAN PROBLEMS

By C. C. MARTINDALE

ECHOES of a recent international congress at Oxford are sure to have reached the United States. Dr. James Ryan, Dr. Lapp, Dr. Patrick Brown, and Mr. Foster Stearns had come thence to assist at it: and Mr. Edward Eyre, whose interest in the Catholic Council for International Relations, which acted as host to the visitors, is at least as well known in the United States as he is in England. The gentlemen we have mentioned were kind enough to speak in the most friendly, even enthusiastic, terms of what happened in the congress. For ourselves, we hope that much good will come of it, in spite of a good deal of confusion which we could not but notice during it! Probably most of this confusion could not have been avoided. The structure of the congress was quite simple—it consisted of the annual reunion of the Catholic International Association (known familiarly as I.K.A.). This association had prepared papers—all of them on subjects concerned with the problem

of nationality—which were duly read, to small audiences as a rule; but in a sense it would not have mattered had no one heard them, since they will be published as usual, and will provide a mass of material for leisurely study. There was at the same time the annual conference of the Catholic Social Guild, but not only this did not clash, for the papers and discussion proper to it worked in well with those of I.K.A., but we are glad to hear of a remarkable increase of members accruing to the C. S. G. itself in consequence of so large a number of new listeners to what it provided and suggested. There was also a third element in the congress, which attracted quite unexpected numbers of adherents. It was the sitting of a committee composed of representative men and women, drawn from large Catholic groups in various lands, and intending to see whether some coördination if not actual coöperation could be brought about amongst them. It had not been realized that this would prove so at-

tractive; and the difficulties were increased by the sudden illness of Mr. John Eppstein, so largely responsible for the creation of the committee, who should have been its secretary. In fact, having made this much of excuse, I may as well draw down upon my own head any reproaches for lack of due organization that may be forthcoming. I had not at all expected to be chairman of that committee, and had meant to attend its sessions much more in order to form my own mind, to study what seemed to be possible, than to provide suggestions, let alone directions.

However, one very practical result, at any rate, was acquired. It must have become perfectly impossible for any foreign visitor henceforward to think that a work is adequately international, if it is merely (as one speaker feared most of our work might be) European. Not chiefly because Australia, Canada, Mexico, Chile, Japan, China, Egypt were represented; but because the National Catholic Welfare Conference was (as indeed we had resolved it should be) so vividly brought home to the attention of all.

No one troubles to dispute the suitability of Catholic groups of men and women interested in a particular topic, like education or charity. We doubt whether anyone who thinks about it, would fail to see the value of a national grouping of these groups, so that some sort of permanent committee, council, or association, able to take stock of the country at large, under the care of the hierarchy, might exist. Such a national group is invaluable for the nation, and also, forms a connecting link between one nation and another—should something of the sort be desired. There are two great non-Catholic forces in existence, one, labor, and the other, the great anti-Catholic force, by whatever name it calls itself—rationalism, materialism, even un-denominationalism. And these are already international. Labor has not got still to become so: it just is so. And the anti-Catholic peril, from what I call "Y.M.C.A.-ism" right up, through the rationalist organization formed, or re-formed lately at Teplicz in Bohemia, to Bolshevism, is, or at least definitely means to be, international too. The Catholic Church is by its very nature such as to include internationalism within its definition of universal. It has, then, but to act true to itself. And in order to do so, the existence of national groups, in due subordination to ecclesiastical authority where this is concerned, seems the best possible preliminary. So one of the vota of the Oxford conference was, quite clearly, the formation everywhere of some such national group; or, where this was impossible (as, on the whole, in France or Belgium) the formation of some group not yet national, but certainly regarding as part of its work, coöperation with other Catholic groups over the frontiers.

What filled me with interest was to find that in Hungary, whither I went immediately after the Oxford conference, many Catholics were quite independently devising something of just this sort. Since Monsignor

Madarász, secretary of Cardinal Czernoch, and sent personally by His Eminence to represent the Hungarian church, was at Oxford, together with two laymen, one from what is now technically Slovakia, and the other representing Hungarian students, we may feel sure that the plan for a Hungarian national conference will be very weightily supported. For it can now be told, in Hungary, how the United States have already achieved what Hungarians are hoping for, and how the international conference at Oxford recognized the ideal as an essential part of modern Catholic organization. And I may add that the financial work of Mr. Smith, at Budapest, is simply transforming opinion in Hungary as to the United States of America. The greatest statesman of Europe (as I hold him to be) Count Apponyi, insisted to me that seldom if ever had a piece of work so intelligent, so disinterested, so just, so amicable, as Mr. Smith's, been seen anywhere.

We, on our side, ought, it seems to me, to pay much more attention to the state of Hungary. Hungary cannot speak for herself, at least in no way comparable to that of the other East-Europe countries, not excluding Austria, impoverished as she is. For if Hungary cannot build, owing to the loss of her forests which have been given either to Roumania or to Slovakia (which, commercially speaking, means to Prague) so for the very same reason it is almost impossible for her to make paper, and certainly she cannot buy it. We are by no means going to make propaganda here of a political sort, though we could wish that Hungary had a proper mouthpiece in Europe and the United States especially, not least since the presentment of the anti-Hungarian position is still being made by the outrageously partisan politician-professor, Mr. Seton-Watson. (It must continually be recalled that the war initiated—I would dare to say—nothing. The war occurred, where it was expected and meant to occur, in the middle of a series of events still unconcluded.) But any Catholic can, and should, take a view of Hungary from the religious standpoint. She is a Catholic country, and concerns the Church directly—as do, I hasten to add, the Catholic minorities in Roumania, Slovakia (not that the Catholics in Slovakia are numerically a minority, but they are very weak, and treated much as the Alsatians have of late risked being treated) and Jugo-Slavia no less. I admit to no merely nationalist preferences. But when you reflect that the fifth country in Europe has been reduced, by loss of territory, to the size of Portugal, and that in each case the enormous areas have been given to non-Catholic powers, and that the retirement of Monsignor Marmaggi from Czecho-Slovakia was but the inevitable conclusion to the series of anti-Catholic activities officially fostered there, and that no one anywhere disputes that Roumania persecutes with the utmost savagery all the cults other than her own (witness the appeals from one Protestant denomination after another even in the English press) and is rapidly and

deliberately extinguishing the Magyar language and culture which largely go hand in hand with the Catholic faith, and finally that Serbian Orthodoxy makes no disguise of its intention to become the leading church in eastern Europe (even if this involves converting its Orthodoxy into modernism of an unblushing sort) and actually provided a hierarchy for the fantastic Czech schism, you are bound to see that every disaster to Hungary has meant, and means, a disaster to the Catholic Church, as the engineers of those disasters very well know, and are glad to know. As it is, Hungary stands, in eastern Europe, like a Catholic island full of starving marooned sailors, even as the heroic Catholic minorities in the lands around her lead precarious existences once more like crews marooned on rocks. With these minorities, I repeat, we have the keenest sympathy, and have often sought, and are now actually seeking, to make their necessities known and even to collect money for them. But it is clear as daylight that if the tides (which seek but to rise) swamp Hungary, such an anti-Catholic belt will have been completed that it is incredible that the lesser groups will not themselves be drowned, even if this does not happen first.

Therefore we must take the most friendly interest in the hopes of Hungarian Catholics. Their difficulties are immense. A separate paper might be written on the Jewish question as it exists among them. Also upon the Protestant question in Hungary, less acute perhaps, but more puzzling than the former. We accept easily the confession made by Hungarians themselves that, had they been more alert to the situation long ago, and better organized, things would not be as distressing as they are. But to take the Catholic Church for granted and not to see that its equipment needs continual overhauling, is the danger of all hereditarily Catholic folk. Nor indeed was the fault wholly with the Hungarian nation. Others had an interest in keeping her disunited. But once more, the sudden clear view that Hungarian Catholics are gaining, that national organization is now imperative, must be enabled to take into itself too the evidence of what others think and have done. If more American publications could find their way into Hungary (by way of charity, if you will—I have no doubt that subscriptions will not be many in a land whose middle class earns about twelve shillings a month and can eat meat about once a week) and if those publications make it clear that Hungarian news will be welcomed along, of course, with news from all other countries, even those most hostile to her, international accord will be strengthened.

I was sitting by the Danube when I talked over the possible organization of the national conference with a Transylvanian exiled layman, whose breadth of view, and above all whose courage, have long been my admiration. Doubtless his hopes are that some day the Regnum Marianum, the Holy Crown, will be reconstituted. But not one moment did he waste in specula-

tion about possible future wars, nor even about possible appeals to the League of Nations, or rectification of treaties. His mind went straight to the near-at-hand problem, and how to make sound and solid Catholic organization at home. Everywhere it was the same. I had many privileges, this and the last two years. I was admitted into family life; I was given the minutest information, and opportunities for personal inspection, by an intelligent police; I was allowed to meet eminent ecclesiastics, and university professors, and to drink thin wine with peasants. You could, if you were tactless enough to try, reach the level of a profound bitterness of resentment; but it was kept suppressed for the most part, and constructive thought and plan were always offered by those whose business it was to devise.

At Baile-idir-dha-howna

(What the ballad singer said of the inn-keeper there.)

A little red, weazened wart on the face of creation, a miser
With even his words he was, a kindly one would have choked
him
With the fair dint of finding its way from his heart, if it
ever had home there;
A voice like a creaking wheel, he had, that would screech
through the drought of summer,
And a tongue, when it wagged, as sharp as a lance; it would
clip cold steel, said the neighbors.
His face was as long as seven wet days, and they all coming
together,
A narrow face, like the side of your hand, he could kiss, and
it's truth I'm telling you,
A mountainy goat 'tween the horns, and never be one whit
flustered;
And a narrow soul to match, he had; he wouldn't give you
God's daylight;
With a heart as cold as a frosty turnip you'd grub of a wintry
morning,
And that same as hard as the hob of hell, or the brazen
knocker of Newgate.
The neckband of his shirt he tied with a ravel of hempen
cordage;
And the honest women, east and west, in the town between
the two rivers,
Allowed that if the cord were a rope with one end tied snugly
and nicely
To a beam, and at the other end were the little red man,
and he dancing
"Go to the Devil and shake yourself" on nothing at all but
the daylight—
There would be no great sorrow on them, and not a few
dry eyes in the townland;
For a twist of tobacco, a noggin of ale he wouldn't give you
for God's sake,
Or for sake of the Seven Martyrs over beyond in Kilbeggan.
When the hills meet, to stand again on his floor I'll be willing
and wishful,
So my seven thousand blessings—backways—'tis I'll be leaving
and welcome
At the door of the niggardly lout of Baile-idir-dha-howna.

CATHAL O'BYRNE.

WILKINS AND THE POPE

By CONDÉ B. PALLEN

I MET Wilkins on the 12:07 train one afternoon. "Hello, there," he said, as he slid into the vacant seat next to me. "How do you get off so early in the day? Has the Pope given you a holiday?"

He was, of course, jesting, but I knew there was a notion in his mind, a notion widespread among a certain class of people, that the Pope directs and controls all the actions of Catholics. Wilkins came from somewhere in New England where the odor of the bilge of the Mayflower still lingers, and where the Puritan tradition that a "Papist" is a son of Belial still haunts the meeting-house and flavors the Sunday sermons. Though infant damnation, fire and brimstone and other delectable articles of the old Puritan creed have been jettisoned from the floundering ark of the Pilgrim Fathers amid the rough seas of modernism, the belief that Catholics are strange animals and Rome is the Scarlet Woman still persists in the Freudian complex of the New England mind—and Wilkins had the New England mind—for he had exposed it to me on several occasions where the Knickerbocker veneer was a bit thin. So when he flung his little jest at me about the Pope's holiday, I jumped at the opportunity of a little humorous psychoanalysis directed with conscious intent upon his Calvinistic complex.

"Yes," I answered, "we had a radio from the Vatican this morning ordering us to lay off work for the rest of the day."

Wilkins looked at me suspiciously. "You see," I went on gravely, "the radio puts us in very close touch with the Pope. The Vatican has perhaps the most powerful broadcasting apparatus in the world, built especially by the Jesuits for the Pope, and the Jesuits have resurrected a code, a secret cipher of the dark ages, which defies unraveling by any modern method. There is a Jesuit on our staff who decodes all messages for us."

The word Jesuit was enough for Wilkins. I saw the New England complex peering out of his eyes, mingled with a faint doubt that I was perhaps spoofing him.

"The radio is a marvelous invention," I continued soberly. "I know of nothing that has so helped the Pope in controlling the hundreds of millions of Catholics throughout the world. It's practically instantaneous. Our message from the Pope was in our hands in less than three minutes after it was broadcast, and here I am, a half-hour afterwards on my way for a good old game of golf! Perhaps you didn't know that the radio is a Jesuit invention, devised especially for the use of the Pope? That's a dark secret known only to us. For several years the radio was known to,

and used only by, the Vatican authorities and the Jesuits, but there was a leak somewhere—you know how things like that will leak out—perhaps someone was bribed—and those nosey scientists caught on, and now the radio is a commonplace in our lives."

By this time my risibles were no longer under control. Wilkins's countenance was tensely set in the frightened credulity of his New England complex. I could contain myself no longer, and burst into laughter, in which, after a moment's hesitation, Wilkins joined, for his complex was still half reluctant to slink back into the murky caverns of the subconscious.

"It is to laugh, as the French say," I declared. Wilkins admitted it.

"Now, honestly, Wilkins, you were quite prepared to swallow my nonsense whole, weren't you, if I had kept it up with becoming gravity?"

"Not altogether," he answered. "That tale about the Jesuits inventing the radio was a bit far-fetched."

"That's the part that should have the most likelihood for your credulity. Wouldn't it be patly Jesuitical to invent the radio, keep it a dark secret, a sort of black magic, you know, and put this canny power into the hands of the Pope for sinister purposes?"

"Are you a Jesuit?" asked Wilkins suddenly and irrelevantly.

"No, I am not," I answered, "but what has that to do with the case?"

"Oh, nothing especially. I don't know much about them. I once read the Wandering Jew, and the Jesuits are painted pretty black there."

"They are, but the Devil is not as black as he is sometimes painted," I replied. "If you would care to know something more about the Jesuits, I could suggest a book or two which might tone down the lurid picture that Eugene Sue has given. They are not such terrible fellows after all, and have played a considerable rôle in human history. Their story is really most interesting reading. I have a book in my library which I will be glad to lend you if you want to know who and what the Jesuits really are."

Wilkins said he would be glad to read it, but I could see that his assent to my suggestion was purely perfunctory. Besides, he was uneasy. My joke had ruffled him a bit, and he was fighting shy of the subject.

"Let us return to our mutton," I said.

"What do you mean?" he queried.

"Why, simply this. There was an implication in your bit of levity when you asked me if the Pope had given me a holiday, that the Pope directs and controls all the actions of Catholics. Frankly, don't you entertain some such notion?"

"Well, isn't it true?" he parried. "Don't you have

to believe what the Pope says, and don't you have to do what he tells you?"

"For instance?"

"Don't you vote at elections as your priests dictate? And of course they get their orders from Rome."

It was a crude way of putting it. Wilkins was an ordinary type of the plain business man with a modicum of education, whose mental pabulum came chiefly from newspapers and popular magazines. His voice was the voice of a vulgar ignorance, but his ignorance of things Catholic was after all no denser than what I have heard from the lips of citizens who prided themselves on their culture and wide reading. I have heard the same thing not couched so bluntly perhaps, from men with a university training, a presumable acquaintance with history and intelligence enough in the usual affairs of life, but they did believe, as Wilkins expressed it, that Catholics took their orders from Rome in everything—even to the kind of breakfast food they were to eat or the color of their neckties. Between the uneducated ignorant, and the ignorantly educated, when it comes to a question of what is Catholic belief, there is not as much difference in effect as between the pot and the kettle; they are both sooted in the same way.

"As I am a Catholic, Wilkins," I answered, "presumably I ought to know something about what you have just asserted. Now I have been a Catholic all my life and have been in very close contact in many ways with Catholic priests, and I have never heard a Catholic priest so much as even suggest how I was to vote, and have never heard of any priest even broaching, much less dictating, to any other Catholic how he was to vote, nor have I ever heard of any orders from Rome in regard to political questions." Wilkins looked incredulity.

"I see that you doubt me. Either I am deliberately lying, or I don't know. I take it that you don't believe I am lying. Well, if I don't know, who am a Catholic, how do you know?"

I kept plying him with more specific questions. Had he ever been in a Catholic church? Once at the funeral of a friend. Had he ever heard a priest trying to influence a Catholic to vote? Had a Catholic ever told him that a priest had ever tried to dictate how he should vote? Had he ever read a Catholic book, or paper, or magazine or document of any kind in which Catholics were ordered to vote as Rome or the Catholic clergy commanded? He admitted he never had.

"Well, then, where did you get the idea that Catholics were simply voting puppets in the hands of the priests?"

He didn't really know. He just had the idea. He had always heard it, just where he couldn't exactly say. It was all very vague, but he really believed it to be true.

"I'll tell you, Wilkins, where you got it—if you would really like to know." He looked surprised.

"You got it," I went on, "from a complex which has been accumulating for a long time back. It began in the time of Henry VIII. You know, of course who Henry VIII was?"

He didn't know much about Henry, except that Henry had had a lot of wives whose heads he had successively chopped off when he wanted a new one. His knowledge of Henry was fairly accurate, so I let it go at that.

"Well, your complex about the Catholic Church derives originally from Henry's uxurious conduct. The first time Henry wanted a new wife, he found himself legally and canonically bound to his first wife. The legal bond he could sever without much trouble. He was a king and a despot. Now Henry was a Catholic. The canonical bond held firm—so he sent his ambassadors to Rome to get the Pope to set aside his marriage with Catherine of Aragon on the grounds that it was invalid, because Catherine had been the wife of his dead brother, and the union troubled the King's delicate conscience. You see, the King's conscience over his marriage began to plague him as soon as he laid eyes on Anne Boleyn, the lady whom he wanted to put in place of Queen Catherine; but the Pope did not see with Henry's eyes and refused to pronounce Catherine's marriage void. So Henry swore his favorite oath, that he would be his own Pope, and do as he pleased about wives. He put Catherine aside, and finally acquired six wives, some of whom he sent to the block and simply laid others on the shelf.

"Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, completed the breach with the Catholic Church. The English, who were a Catholic people, were made Protestant by royal decree and by force, and from that time a steady propaganda of execration and calumny against the Catholic Church was carried on which swelled into an unsavory tradition of contempt and hatred for all things Catholic. It has been a constant and muddy stream of misrepresentation and is only now beginning to be clarified a bit by the researches of historians, who are looking into the records with steady eyes free from the iniquitous tradition which has eaten like a cancer into English religious life—a tradition which this country has inherited and imbibed with the language, the literature, and the history that has been transmitted to us from England. This tradition is the root of your complex, Wilkins, mixed with a number of bogies about the Spanish Armada, the Inquisition, the Jesuits, Guy Fawkes, St. Bartholomew's massacre, and the wickedness of Papists in general. It is all of a piece—what a great French writer of the last century, DeMaistre, called a conspiracy against truth for 300 years, and the editors of the Cambridge History, in our own day, call the same. This is the thing you absorbed from your New England environment. It's soaked into you.

"You are afraid of the Catholic Church. These

anti-Catholic hobgoblins still haunt the secret chambers of your soul and poke up their hideous heads every time you run up against anything Catholic. It is this that is at the bottom of Ku Kluxism—that the Pope is plotting with the connivance of Catholics here to seize the American government and set himself up in the White House as lord of America.”

Wilkins vehemently repudiated the Klan. Logically he should have fallen in with Ku-Kluxism as readily as a key fits a lock made for it, but he spewed Ku-Kluxism out of his mouth because he thought it un-American. His contradiction was sound, though his logic was utterly inconsistent. Contradictions sometimes save men from their follies. Wilkins’s Americanism saved him from the tragedy of his own confused mental processes.

“I am glad to see that you are such a good American,” I said.

“Of course I am,” he answered. “Why shouldn’t I be?”

“Happily you are,” I replied, “but at the expense of consistency. You believe that I, as a Catholic, owe political allegiance to the Pope. Only a moment ago you said that I had to vote as the Pope dictated. If that were true you ought to be a Ku-Kluxer, yet you repudiate the movement. That’s where you are inconsistent. Your inconsistency is right, your belief altogether wrong; for I owe no political allegiance to the Pope. Let us say for political allegiance, temporal allegiance. The only temporal allegiance I owe is to my country. That is the teaching of the Catholic Church. I suppose you have heard the saying—‘Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and unto God the things that are God’s.’ These words were a solemn declaration of Christ on a momentous occasion. The Pharisees were trying to trap him into a treasonable utterance. Their question to Him was—Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar? It was in response to this question that Christ gave his memorable answer.

“The Catholic attitude to the civil power (Caesar) is the answer that Christ gave to the Jews. It is Catholic teaching that the civil power is of God because men are social beings and are ordained to live in society, and God Himself is the author of society. Pope Leo XIII in one of his encyclicals (*Immortale Dei*) says—‘As no society can hold together unless someone is over all, directing all to strive earnestly for the common good, every civilized community must have a ruling authority, and this authority no less than society itself, has its source in nature and has God for its author. Hence it follows that all public power must proceed from God.’ The Catholic bishops of the United States in solemn council as far back as 1866 issued a pastoral letter to all the Catholics of this country in which they declared—‘For the children of the Church obedience to the civil power is not a submission to force which may not be resisted; nor

merely the compliance with a condition of peace and security; but a religious duty founded on obedience to God, by whose authority the civil magistrate exercises his power.’

“The Catholic Church lays it upon the conscience of every Catholic to obey the civil power, to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s. Catholics are bound not only to obey civil rulers but they owe allegiance to the state in all things that the state may lawfully demand of them. When their country calls upon them to defend it against any enemy internal or external, Catholics are bound in conscience to respond and give their lives in defense of their state. As a Catholic I owe no temporal allegiance to the Pope; spiritual allegiance, yes; for he is the head of the Church, its spiritual ruler. You were brought up on the absurd notion that the Catholic Church is ready to gobble up this country, and you have never taken the trouble to find out for yourself. I am not blaming you as I might very justly. I am not even exhorting you to impose upon yourself the duty of enlightening your ignorance. All I want is to disabuse your mind of an unfounded prejudice. I know that you don’t half believe me, for you can’t rid yourself at such short notice of an ingrained habit of inherited suspicion.”

It was evident to me that Wilkins was not ready to concede all that I had said. He was a man of meagre and superficial information, like many of his fellow-citizens who are perfectly honest in their notions of things Catholic and at the same time thoroughly ignorant. He was, however, somewhat disturbed. I played golf with him that afternoon, and golf is the most absorbing game in the world. One can’t play golf and think of anything else under the sun. It would take an earthquake to distract a golfer, and even then he would wait until the shake was over and then drive for the next hole. Our conversation about the Pope and Catholic allegiance was as completely erased from his mind as if it had been wiped out by a wet sponge on a dry slate.

Vestigia

O’er his last cruse of oil—last measure of grain,
 See Love sit brooding! If no prophet pass,
 Bidding the shrunken sack—the cavernous vase
 His wantonness hath spent, be filled again,
 No counsel reach him, woven of the refrain
 Of ripple of hot winds along dry grass,
 Or beat of desert sands, against his glass
 Driven, that mocks him with the patter of rain,
 Once he may eat—then perish. ’Tis such drouth,
 Foredoomed him ’mid his surfeit and disdain
 Of husbandry in joy that God alloweth . . .
 Tread softly, man of God, where Love lies slain
 With white fair limbs misshapen, and the stain
 Of earth and leaves on his unthrifty mouth.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

MONKS AND MUSIC

By THORNTON DELEHANTY

THE middle-ages have come in for a good deal of maltreatment from more enlightened generations. The period is regarded in history as the black sheep of epochs—an unruly interloper that dammed up the elegant stream of Hellenic culture and turned the fertile plains of progress into stagnant pools that were little better than breeding places for coarseness and credulity and superstition.

Yet to dismiss the virtues of the age is to have eyes and not see; or rather, in this case, to have ears and not hear, since the middle-ages produced a form of music that was not only perfectly adapted to the needs of the time (the propagation of the faith) but which survived the later assaults of secular music and maintained, down to the present day, a purity and integrity comparable only to those of the liturgy with which it was evolved.

The style of church music known today as the Gregorian chant came into being by a slow process of growth which took definite and authentic form at about the time of Gregory the Great. Long before then, however, the Ambrosian psalmody had lent an exotic coloring to the liturgy of the church at Milan, where Saint Ambrose had instituted the practice of singing hymns after the manner of the Eastern church. The congregation joined in the singing, and Saint Augustine records the emotion with which he heard it. "How did I weep," he says in the Confessions, "in Thy Hymns and Canticles, touched to the quick by the voices of Thy sweet-attuned Church!"

In the following century Pope Celestine introduced the Milanese music into the divine office at Rome, but it remained for Leo I, who died in 461, to take the first step toward organizing the practice of liturgical music. He established a community of monks at Rome whose sole duty it was to devote themselves to its study. A little more than a hundred years later the Benedictine monastery at Monte Cassino was destroyed by the Lombards and the monks, who had done distinguished work with church music, sought refuge at Rome. They were warmly welcomed and given quarters, and soon they had established a singing school which trained its pupils for the famous papal choir. Thus Rome early became the centre of a conscious musical development which was to receive its impetus from Pope Gregory the Great and, through him, lend its pervasive aid in spreading the gospel among the savage tribes of Germany, Gaul and Britain.

So prevalent and deep rooted was the realization of the importance of liturgical music in the missionary work of the mediaeval church that, as Professor Edward Dickinson says, "familiarity with church song became an indispensable part of the equipment of every clergyman, monastic and secular. No missionary might go forth from Rome who was not adept in it." The savage breast was verily in need of soothing, and the Roman chant, echoing the austere majesty of Rome herself, prepared the dark forests of the north and west for the guerdon of a triumphant Christianity.

The greatness of Gregory I in his services to liturgical music was largely due to his insistence on uniformity. The missionary monks, trained under the scrupulous eye of the Holy See, went forth with a well inculcated knowledge of their duties and practices. The monasteries that sprang up in Germany, Gaul, Britain, and Spain followed the Roman style of chanting—the Romanus cantus—rather than adapting the local style which in some cases prevailed. The task of changing the local style

was, however, a different matter. To make semi-barbarians who had never been in Rome do as the Romans did, required delicacy and skill. But the Gregorian music was eloquent in its own behalf, and though it was not until Charles the Great imposed its usage throughout his dominions that its adoption became general, the results were foreshadowed from the beginning.

When Augustine went to England to convert the Saxons he was enjoined by Pope Gregory not to insist on implanting the Roman chant there if he found that the older British churches were hostile to it. They proved not to be so, however, and the Gregorian chant was adopted both at Canterbury and York. In his Short History of the English People, Green gives an interesting description of Augustine and his forty colleagues entering Canterbury "bearing before them a silver cross with a picture of Christ, and singing in concert the strains of the litany of their church." England was quick to see the superiority in this new style of church music and to make the most of it. A singing school was founded at Wearmouth by a Roman monk named John, and similar institutions were successfully established at York, Glasgow and other places. How thoroughly the fibre of Anglo-Saxon Christianity was permeated with the spirit of Roman song is illustrated in the story of that early poem, the Paraphrase of the Scriptures, one of the first literary fruits of Augustine's mission, wherein the monk Caedmon, having been miraculously endowed with an angelic voice, recounts the Biblical stories in a song of rapturous beauty.

The seed, so ably sown, was quick to flourish. A number of English monks, the Venerable Bede among them, became authorities in liturgical music. Saint Boniface introduced it in Germany when he went there from England on his famous mission, toiling unsparingly in the effort to inject some of the ecclesiastical refinement of the Gregorian chant into the throats of his willing but inelegant catechumens.

An idea of the Roman missionary's lot during the Gregorian age may be gleaned from an account by John the Deacon in his biography of Gregory I—

"Among all the people of Europe," he says, "the Gauls and the Germans are the least capable of comprehending the Gregorian song in its purity. It may be due to their native wildness or because, out of frivolity, they always insert something of their own invention. Their rough, bellowing voices are incapable of modulation, and their intemperate habits render it impossible for their hoarse throats to sing delicate melodies properly. Their voices produce tones only fit to be compared to the clatter of a heavy wagon, and instead of touching the feelings of the hearer, only fill him with disgust."

With such unpromising material one can well imagine that a worse fate than martyrdom awaited the missionary with too sensitive ears.

Throughout the middle-ages the far-flung missionaries of the Church were frequently appealing to Rome for more singers. And not only the missionaries but the secular rulers as well. King Pepin induced Pope Paul to send two delegates to instruct the Franks in the Gregorian chant, and nearly a hundred years before that time Pope Vitalian had permitted certain monks to instruct it in Brittany. The work of Paul's missionaries so impressed Pepin that he abolished the Gallic service which prevailed in Paris and Metz and superseded it with the Roman style.

In the meantime, the influence of the latter was spreading in all directions, and monastic centres in distant parts were achieving an independent distinction in its practice. The

monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, was especially noted for the piety and learning of its monks and it was a happy circumstance—as well as accident—that landed the monk Romanus in their midst, for he was on his way from Rome to Metz with the official Gregorian antiphony, and falling ill at St. Gall was persuaded to remain there and instruct in church song. The monastery later became one of the most renowned in Europe for the excellence of its standard in the teaching and practice of the Roman song.

In Spain, Saint Ildefonso was active in the promotion of liturgical music and was himself deeply versed in its lore, while further east, Saint Adalbert, the apostle of the Slavonic races, in a strenuous life which ended in his martyrdom, had composed the words and music of a Slavonic hymn which was to become, posthumously, the national song of the Bohemians.

But it is doubtful if the cumulative efforts of the missionaries of Gregory's time could have accomplished for the Roman song what Charles the Great brought about in a few swift, enthusiastic strokes. On a visit to Rome he first heard the magnificent singing of the Papal Choir, and thenceforth he was like an impresario who had stumbled across the "find" of the age. He was sufficiently tutored to recognize in Gregorian music that quality of exalted and unworldly beauty which must have revealed to his proselytizing spirit a heaven-sent means for securing the spiritual autonomy of the Church among his subjects. His interest and activity in the cause of church music, as Montalembert says, has never been equaled before or since. He established singing schools at Soissons, Orleans, Sens, Lyons, Cambrai, Toul, Dijon, and a number in Germany. He organized a choir in his own chapel, taking the members of it on one occasion to Rome that they might imbibe at the sacred font—his ardor led him at times to join in the singing of his choir, "in a low voice;" and he is known to have conducted the choir at Aix-la-Chapelle.

At his request Pope Adrian let him have two papal singers, one of whom was sent to Metz and the other to the Schola Cantorum at Soissons. It was in Charles's time also that Gregorian music was introduced by Romanus into St. Gall. In 803 the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle enjoined the use of the Roman song upon all the monasteries of the empire, thus bringing to fruition the labors of the past two centuries.

A great deal has been said and written about Charles the Great for he was one of those provocative characters who achieve big ends by a diversity of means. In the acquisition of his vast domains he was, as H. G. Wells invidiously observes, an imitation Caesar, a savage and bloodthirsty play-actor; but to submit that as the whole picture, or even as three-fourths of it, is to be insensible to the incalculably benign influence which Charlemagne exerted on the art of music—for one cannot expect to catch the pure and limpid strains of the Gregorian chant if one's taste inclines to the hubbub of the fife and drum.

The Solitary Soul

Even when those who loved her pressed around her,
She could not mingle
Her life with their lives; secret fetters bound her
Alone and single.
A dryad more than woman, lost and banished
From her world; only
Sometimes on cloudy hills where lowlands vanished
She was not lonely.

JOHN HANLON.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC ECONOMIC PROGRAM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Somerville's article, Catholics and Economics, in a recent number of *The Commonweal*, in which he urged a Catholic economic program of fundamental aims, interests me very much. A number of Catholics in the United States have been reaching out for just such a fundamental program and possibly your readers may be interested in a tentative statement of this program which, from my observation, seems to follow some such lines as these—

Our economic system, as they see it, is organized in city industry and trade chiefly in large units, where it is owned by a minority of the population and controlled by a very few and is managed for the purpose of making as large a net profit as possible through cutting costs (including labor costs) through charging the highest price for the quantity of commodities that will net the largest profit, through financing business, through stock and bond deals, and through increases in land values.

Of these, to their mind, organization in large units tends towards uniformity and regimentation of human beings, but they look upon it as the price we pay for steam power and they rely upon giant electric power to permit a change. Minority ownership and highly concentrated control, they think, give a few men enormous power over non-owning producers, farmers, consumers, and small investors who are not free because the means of their livelihood and self-determination are in the power of others. The desire to make as high a profit as possible without the check of ethical motives is, to their mind, pure paganism. Low wages, unemployment, etc., high prices, adulterated commodities, diminished product, stock market speculation, the farming débâcle, and idle city real-estate are among the results that, in their view, flow necessarily from this situation.

Since the program cannot and ought not contemplate, they believe, a quick overturn, it must be compounded of partial solutions looking to the final solution and to solutions in particular industries and concerns. Since they do not (for a variety of reasons) see hope in general state ownership and control, coöperation comes to the fore—coöperation of individual owners and partnerships in farming and small industries; coöperative ownership and control, implying diffused ownership, joint control and limited dividends in other concerns and industries; and where government ownership and industry is necessary, coöperative control by the government and all the men in the industry and coöperative division between them of the returns of efficiency. The following is a tentative synthesis of their program—

Every farmer should be in coöperative marketing organizations to market his product.

Every consumer should be in a consumers' coöperative organization to buy his supplies. Both should be encouraged to proceed as far as they can.

Every wage and salary worker (below executives) should be in a union (not a company union).

Every business man should be in the organization of his line. The unions, the consumers' coöperatives, and the farmers should organize coöperative banks and coöperative insurance companies, the investment and credit power of which they should use to extend their ownership and control of industry and trade.

Besides trying to secure decent wages and working condi-

tions, the unions should demand partnership with companies and preferably whole industries to share in the management, to share a part of the profits among those at work in any capacity in the concern or industry, and to establish unemployment insurance.

The unions should encourage their members to buy stock, under their supervision and preferably through holding companies, in the industries they are engaged in.

The unions in some industries should establish union-owned plants and union guilds.

Whatever industries experience will show are so strong as to resist the process of change by coöperative effort or are too important from the standpoint of the consumers to be entrusted immediately to producers' coöperative control, (and they can be but a few) should be owned by the government and managed coöperatively as aforesaid.

Moreover, when labor unions, consumers' coöperatives and farmers' coöperative fail in immediately important matters, the law should intervene to protect city workers, farmers and consumers, and in such cases the law should be administered by joint boards upon which will sit representatives chosen directly by the organizations whose interests are involved.

The corporation law should be changed to facilitate representation on directorates of employees and small stock-owners.

Taxes should be raised chiefly through levies on large incomes, large inheritances, excess profits of corporations, and increases in land values.

A law should ultimately be passed which will limit the return on stock to the interest rate and divide the remaining money in proportion to their wages and salaries among all the workers within a corporation, up to a certain point when the price of the commodity shall be lowered. The share going to those who work should be used to buy up the concern and turn it into a coöperative with widely diffused ownership and control and limited returns on property.

An economic parliament or congress should ultimately be established which will decide how much goods of the various kinds are needed and what prices are to be charged.

Labor unions, farmers' coöperatives and consumers' coöperatives should affiliate with similar bodies having similar aims in foreign countries so as to strengthen such action internationally.

Required legal and constitutional changes should be faced.

R. A. MCGOWAN.

CATHOLIC LAY ORGANIZATION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—May I protest, respectfully yet emphatically, against the premature death notice of the National Council of Catholic Men, which you published under date of November 4, 1925, in the article by Mr. Mark Shriver, entitled *Catholic Lay Organization*?

What is to be gained by giving an inadequate presentation of a great and necessary effort for the welfare of the Church and of a movement which, under the leadership of Admiral Benson accomplished much and bears promise of accomplishing still more? And if a particular method of organization has proved unsuccessful, why kill the whole movement because of this partial lack of success?

The National Council of Catholic Men primarily aims at unified action, when necessary, of all Catholic men's organizations—at the individual interest of the Catholic men of no organization in those national problems of interest and concern

to all—of keeping the particular organization and the individual informed on matters of national interest—of having a Catholic representative on the national conferences, non-denominational, now so frequently held—of being able to represent and to voice the united opinion of the Catholic men of the country on questions of national import. The National Council of Catholic Men is a clearing-house—a practical channel of united action, whereby the strength of every unit may be united into the strength of all.

This may be accomplished, has in part been accomplished, in various ways. The bishops, who have established the National Catholic Welfare Conference and who, as recently as their meeting last September, praised the National Council of Catholic Men for the work it had accomplished, not only left it free as to method, but were obliged to leave it free, for the organization within a diocese or the manner of contact with a diocese is always the sole prerogative of the bishop of the diocese.

Much might be written on the endeavors to establish a council in every parish in a diocese, and much might be said of the varied reasons for the many failures. Mr. Shriver is by no means comprehensive. The National Council of Catholic Men lives. And with the plans that it has adopted, we beg the coöperation of every Catholic organization and every Catholic laymen of the United States. Both the needs and the means of united action exist. Hope never fails us even when evidences do.

WALTER T. JOHNSON.

National President, National Council of Catholic Men.

A REPLY TO MR. JOHNSON

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Walter Johnson protests what he calls the premature death notice of the National Council of Catholic Men, but those who read *Catholic Lay Organization* in your issue of November 4 must have seen that my attitude was more than friendly. That article dealt with the unfortunate situation in which the National Council of Catholic Men now finds itself, and pointed to the causes of the utter lack of progress.

The facts to which attention was therein directed are the failure of pastoral support and the obstruction from existing organizations. A few priests have coöperated and figures may be produced showing affiliation by scattered societies and units, but these are practically without exception small and in no sense national, and in most cases affiliation has meant a small donation and nothing more.

With the ideals he presents all are in sympathy, but theories avail not—fine words butter no parsnips—facts must be looked in the face. The article mentioned "national failure." Since New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland, Denver, San Francisco and, I believe, Pittsburgh are not now represented in national conventions, the fact of national failure can hardly be questioned. Individuals from those cities have indeed been interested, but I speak of diocesan representation.

Mr. Johnson succinctly points out what the National Council of Catholic Men was designed to be, what indeed it is in Cincinnati where he and his colleagues have gathered a body of splendid laymen, but excepting Cincinnati, and perhaps Providence and one or two more cities, despite the labors of more than five years, elsewhere it is inactive if not non-existent.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

LOCARNO AND BETHLEHEM

Grand Rapids, Mich.

TO the Editor:—Nearly two thousand years ago an idea paradoxical to profane teaching and practice appeared in Bethlehem. Christ, the Prince of Peace, came to establish a spiritual commonwealth that should transcend the barriers of nationalism, political faction and geographical lines, to bring about the brotherhood of men and the Fatherhood of God, to effect a hegemony whereby a federated peoples of good will could exist without the recurrent horrors of war and at the same time experience the mutual helpfulness of education and civic progress.

The new order of things was qualified not only to set up the empire of love and mercy in every heart, but was also endowed with an organism capable of functioning until the end of time. Its faculty of forgiveness exceeded seventy times seven; its mercy fell upon the multitudes like the dew from heaven upon the place beneath; its compassion was all-embracing; its love was an idealism carrying a special appeal to the poor and the vanquished who shuddered at violence and hypocrisy.

But the Herods of modernity would have none of it. In every century the Innocents have been inhumanly slaughtered, Brotherhoods destroyed, the temples of the Fatherhood desecrated. The negative answer to the question, "am I my brother's keeper?" penalized nationalism to death. The world, drinking the dregs of its own intoxicating and luxurious folly, was inarticulate and dazed by a mundane paresis.

And now comes Locarno where a new idea is born or rather where an old idea, that of the Babe of Bethlehem, is resurgent. Nationalism has come to the end of its blind alley, political faction is dishonored and geographical lines are as dissolvent as shadows. The airy nothings about self-determination and making the world safe for democracy reverberate no more. Those who knew the exhaustion of Europe was at hand and could not be circumvented by the Caesarism called the Dawes pulmotor, began to open wide their eyes and to prophesy—some major prophets, some minor prophets. The wise men of the East bestirred themselves, and guided by the star of destiny have lately gathered at Locarno, offered their gifts of good will and made their submission to the idealism of peace, introduced into Bethlehem by the Prince of Peace. They and their people now vision a new commonwealth, a United States of Europe, not by any means a foolish dream, but a potential federation wherein the bloodshed and devastation of unnumbered generations shall be anathema and arbitration acted under the principles of Christian civilization.

The Babe born at Bethlehem was born again at Locarno. Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will.

D. K. EDWARDS.

THE COLLEGIUM CHRISTI

Dayton, O.

TO the Editor:—There have been a great many letters on the subject of education and schools. In such a discussion one must always consider the purpose of education and the results derived. In this connection it seems to me that it would be in point to quote from Sheehan's *Under the Cedars and Stars*, where he says—

"Success is the supposed Elysium. Nay, all our modern systems of education tend thitherward. For what is all this terrible and complicated apparatus of education intended?

What is the meaning of all this competition, rivalry, gaining of prizes, etc.? What but the preparation for the greater struggle? And struggle means rivalry; and rivalry, enmity. 'One alone can attain supremacy.' And that one must be thou, and no other. How are the best feelings of the heart translated into sense here?

"Nay, in such a struggle, where the watchword appears to be: 'We neither ask, nor give quarter!' would not the uncontrolled impulses of the heart be the great traitors? Could there be any hope of success for a man who would be, above all things, generous, compassionate, self-sacrificing, kind? It is all right for you, my Croesus friend, whom I see labeled 'multi-millionaire and philanthropist!' You can be lavish now, as much as you please. Nay, you must get rid of much of that glittering ballast, metal, you know; and you cannot steer well the ship of your fortunes so long as you have so much of a dead weight in the hold. But 'philanthropist?' It is a pretty euphemism; and I don't want to quarrel with it. But I should have liked to know how you fared in the good ship *Argo*, as you set out in pursuit of the golden fleece. For I notice that Jason was very generous, and considerate and pious to the gods, after his many adventures and trials. He built a splendid mausoleum to the island-king whom he accidentally killed; and sacrificed a sheep or two, after he, in concert with the amiable enchantress, Medea, had strewn the waters of the Euxine with the dismembered remains of the young Absyrtus.

"I will suggest something to you, 'multi-millionaire and philanthropist,' which may obviate such expiations by suspending the possibility of your errors, at least for a lustrum. What would you think of building and endowing a new species of educational institution, to be called the Collegium Christi? It will have for its motto: S'effacer; and 'Bear ye one another's burdens' may be inscribed over the lecture-rostrums in the class-halls. It shall have all the latest appliances of science for the further conquest of nature, and advancement of mankind. The extirpation of disease, the destruction of social evils, the bridging of the mighty gulf between rich and poor, the lifting up of fallen humanity, the study of criminology from the standpoint of Christ, the ventilation of grievances not as subjects for parliamentary eloquence, but as subjects to be grappled with, and destroyed and removed—these shall form the curriculum of studies. We shall by no means exclude even Pagan ideals. You may have busts of Crates and Cincinnatus, but not of Croesus; Minerva and Apollo may grace your corridors, but the long perspective must not be bounded by the glittering idols of Mammon and Plutus. For the former are merely symbols, and, alas! rarely pass beyond their symbolic state. But these latter are the dread divinities that haunt the steps of mankind from the cradle to the grave."

No doubt such an institution would produce very few whom the world would look upon as successful. If the Catholic schools are not giving such instruction, they ought to; and if they are, one cannot expect their graduates to be successful in the same way as others. Yet judged from our standards, they may be much more successful than the others.

THOMAS A. LIND.

The title page and index for volume II of The Commonwealth are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volumes I and II in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the office of The Commonwealth.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Young Woodley

JOHN VAN DRUTEN, the author of this play, is a young English schoolmaster, who writes with a great deal of tender understanding of the eager and heartrending emotional gropings of a sensitive boy on the borderland of manhood. It is a very frank play—laying completely bare the mind of the adolescent schoolboy as it is, and not at all as many writers have idealized it. These boys are asking the eternal questions of youth, some in cleanliness of spirit, some with coarseness and cynicism. Because of the emphasis on this material, it is essentially a play for more mature audiences, for those who earnestly wish to recapture their understanding of troubled youth, rather than for those who, regardless of age, are still entangled in the confusion of youth's problem. The lift and beauty of the last act might be entirely missed by those already too preoccupied with the childish view of sex—and without the implications of that last act, the play is one that would simply drive in the nail of morbidity more deeply. This should be stated in all fairness to the censor who barred it from the English stage. It is not a play for any and every audience.

Briefly, it tells the story of a boy approaching eighteen who, rebelling against the coarser instincts of his companions, falls in love with the young wife of his schoolmaster. Shy, awkward, sensitive, gifted with the soul of a poet, Young Woodley falls into the trap of his own idealizations, and turns the fullness of his growing emotions toward the one person who seems to understand him. Unfortunately for him, she reciprocates his love—a rebellion on her part, too, against the cold, prosaic mentality of the man she has married. The end of the play shows us the gradual maturing of both, and the turning to good account of a situation that might have led to tragedy—the boy setting his teeth into the realities of life and its responsibilities, the wife after one mistake from which Woodley has a most unhappy—and I think unnecessary—reaction, too wise to break his ideal by insisting that her love was not real, but summoning him to the renunciation and the strength upon which can be built the tower of freedom and of manhood.

There is a firmness and a right mindedness behind this play so conspicuously lacking in Shaw's *Candida*. Where *Candida* sends Marchbanks away simply because she is still in love with her husband, Mrs. Simmons sends Woodley into the world of men because she knows that any other course would mean his destruction and in spite of all the clamor of her own soul for the things her husband can never give her. She weaves no sophistries about "conventions." Instead, she conquers herself and in doing so gives Woodley his chance to build fine things through suffering.

So in spite of all erotic material in which the play deals, and at times to excess, it manages to come to grips with the finer realities and the beauty that life holds for those prepared to build on its hardships. This theme has received an extraordinarily sensitive and understanding treatment at the hands of Glenn Hunter and Helen Gahagan. Of the two parts, Miss Gahagan's, as Mrs. Simmons, is the more difficult, because the more complex, and the more acutely restrained. Perhaps the highest tribute paid to her ever-increasing art as an actress is the fact that the attention of all critics has been focused on Mr. Hunter's amazingly poignant portrait of

Woodley. Yet one false note in Miss Gahagan's work would have utterly marred this portrait. To a limited and understanding audience, this play, as now acted, will be for the most part lyric and courageous. To others, it might be either dangerously morbid or cynically grotesque. A slightly greater restraint might have made it acceptable to many more.

Adam Solitaire

SOMETHING approaching a roar of bewilderment has arisen from the critics of our daily papers over this deeply spiritual and moving allegory by Mr. Basshe. It is the story of a modern Job, to which is added, through the mouth of a priest, the lesson and the symbolism of Calvary—a story told in the expressionistic manner, but simply, forthrightly and with great beauty and insight.

To detail the story as unfolded in fifteen scenes would be quite useless in this limited space. It tells of a young man named John Stafford, who, though upright enough in his living, throws back onto an external fate the various misfortunes that beset him. His is the subtle sin of pride and self-satisfaction. He will not accept the truth of Calvary, that life is a state of suffering, and that suffering is the path to humility and spiritual rebirth. The more Stafford rebels and the more he reviles fate, the more crushing becomes the burden of his disaster, until at length he discovers the secret of submission to a Will higher than his own, and through this submission regains that which he had lost. Or, to put it another way, he discovers that it is not an external objective fate, but an inner condition of his own soul that has brought about his downfall. His death at the end is no more than a re-affirmation of the truth that a man must die to himself if he is to be re-born to a more perfect love.

Of course this theme strikes at the very root of the greatest single destructive force in modern civilization—the overweening pride of man in mankind, in man's power to create his own destiny without supernatural aid, and the projection of all our failures and disasters onto an objective fate, which, for the sake of scientific glamor, we call economic or hereditary determinism. Noel Coward's play, *The Vortex*, intimately reflected this current view. Its acceptance is widespread among those who seek release from the responsibilities imposed by freedom of the will or by immutable moral laws. Perhaps the prevalence of this view, so utterly at variance not alone with historic Christianity but also with the findings of many modern psychologists, accounts for the bewilderment of the critics. The play runs counter to the popular currents of thought. And it has the added distinction of being presented with bold originality in stage setting and dramatic method.

To my mind, it is by far the finest thing produced by the Provincetown Playhouse. The stage settings by Cleon Throckmorton are amazingly in the mood and rhythm of the piece, and the acting of Robert Lynn as Stafford shows a rare understanding, restraint and tense power. To Stanley Howlett for his direction, and to Miss Clifford Sellers, Miss Ernita Lascelles, Miss Alice Chapin and Mr. Walter Kummé for beautifully graded contributory acting, one owes a real debt. Aside from one absurdly unnecessary bit of blasphemy in the first act, the play is written and acted with a deep and abiding

reverence for the more mysterious truths of the human pilgrimage.

Princess Flavia

BACK in Ruritania again! Yes, back under the spell of that magnificent love story, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with the zest of delightful music by Sigmund Romberg, gorgeously romantic stage settings by Watson Barratt, with our old friends Rudolph Rassendyl, Rupert of Hentzau, Black Michael of Streslau, and the lovely Princess Flavia; back, too, with that splendid line, "if love were all" which has given to this old story something of the romantic sublimity of *Cyrano*.

The Shuberts have taken another great step forward in their restoration of light opera in this splendid production—and not least in entrusting to Harry Welchman the difficult double rôle of Rassendyl and Prince Rudolph. Mr. Welchman is a real actor as well as a graceful singer, and Evelyn Herbert as Princess Flavia does almost as well. For romance, illusion and an evening of sheer delight, by all means see *Princess Flavia*.

And Others

EASY COME, *Easy Go* is another Owen Davis farce with Otto Kruger in the lead and some capable support. Unfortunately it drags heavily toward the end. In *The Carolinian*, a story of the Revolution based on Sabbatini's novel, romanticism and realism get hopelessly mixed up, although several scenes are quite stirring and Sidney Blackmer and little Martha-Bryan Allen act as well as Charles Warburton overacts atrociously. In *Dearest Enemy*, aside from a tritely vulgar first act, there is much fine comedy, much excellent music and some good acting woven about the Murray mansion on Murray Hill during the revolutionary days. This is Helen Ford's best musical comedy part to date, by all odds.

In Selecting Your Plays

- Accused*—A fine Belasco cast, headed by E. H. Sothorn, in an absorbing play of Brieux's.
- A Man's Man*—A sincere and poignant play, marred by the current blasphemy fad.
- Applesauce*—Amusing characterization in a comedy of small-town life.
- Arms and the Man*—Splendidly acted revival of Shaw's pleasantest comedy.
- Craig's Wife*—Excellent portraiture and acting in a play of awkward construction.
- Hamlet*—A new and superb interpretation by Walter Hampden in the heroic mood.
- Hay Fever*—A mildly stimulating comedy of character without plot.
- Is Zat So?*—The best character comedy of the year, hung on a poor plot.
- Lucky Sam McCarver*—Not in Sidney Howard's best style.
- Outside Looking In*—The hobo empire at its best and worst—marred by wholly unnecessary blasphemy.
- Stolen Fruit*—In which Ann Harding achieves greatness and lifts a good play to distinction.
- The Butter and Egg Man*—Mostly good comedy spoiled by occasional offensively bad taste.
- The Glass Slipper*—One beautiful theme and June Walker's fine acting almost hidden by needless trash.
- The Green Hat*—Mr. Arlen's weak-willed heroine obscured by the glamor of Katherine Cornell's all-too-good acting.
- The Pelican*—Well acted, well constructed, play on a thin and unpersuasive motive.
- The Poor Nut*—One good hippodrome scene and little else.
- The Vortex*—Starts anywhere and ends nowhere, but has good theatrical quality in two scenes.
- These Charming People*—Cyril Maude and Edna Best tip-toeing on Arlen débris.

BOOKS

Evolution in the Light of Modern Knowledge, by various authors. London: Blackie and Company. 21/s.

A REQUEST on the part of a student for information as to how the theory of evolution stood after the sturm und drang of the discoveries of recent years, radio-activity, Mendelism and the like, seems to have been the origin of this handsome and interesting volume. The names of the writers, with perhaps one exception, spring to the mind as representatives of the branches of science which they represent, and the work is one which claims careful attention. How far will it meet the needs of the student who seems to have been its "onlie beggetter?" Parts of the book he will find difficult.

Professor Bower's erudite article cannot be understood by anyone who has not a really considerable knowledge of botany, nor properly appreciated save by a specialist in ferns; nor can the article on Space and Time—admittedly as difficult a topic as can well come under discussion—be said to be written for the instruction of tyros. Of many other articles there is this to be said—they are excellent and clear expositions of what their several writers think of the topics with which they are dealing—but is that exactly what the student wanted? If he confines himself to this book he will certainly have a very one-sided idea of what scientific men are thinking. For example, Professor Jeans deals fairly completely with the now discarded nebular theory of Kant and Laplace, and, very naturally, at considerable length with his own great star hypothesis, now certainly in the ascendant. But there is not a word about Chamberlin's "planetesimal" theory which yet has its supporters. Jeans's theory depends on the passage of a great star through space at the appropriate moment, a rare occurrence. If one did come, no doubt it might produce the effects described; but was there ever such a star? That we are left to surmise. Then there is the most interesting article on zoölogy, by Professor MacBride. There are very divergent ideas as to the topics of, for example, the heredity of acquired conditions and the bearing of the Mendelian discoveries. Professor MacBride has very definite ideas about these and other things and we get them. But then other men of great authority have other views and we do not get them. Perhaps this is especially the case with the article on anthropology, by Professor Elliot Smith, whom no one ever accused of not knowing his own mind, nor making his views known. We have the usual dogmatic statements as to chronology, the nature and relationships of certain skulls, set down for the acceptance of our ingenuous and enquiring student without the least suggestion that there are others who have different opinions. Of course a large part of the article is devoted to expounding the Professor's favorite doctrines as to the diffusion of all cultures and their original seat of discovery in Egypt. Here we do get a hint that there are other opinions—as indeed there are—but mostly along the lines of belittling the contrary views. Our student will certainly see only one face of a many-sided edifice in this as in other articles.

More especially is this the case in the article on *The Religious Effect of the Doctrine of Evolution*. Here the name of the author by no means leaps to the mind and apparently he has been chosen because of the fact that he was actually the teacher of science at Rugby School in the year that Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared. That is an interesting fact, but scarcely warrant enough for his selection as the one to write on so important a topic. The writer is of the nebulous school

which calls itself "modern" churchmen, and in other ways betrays itself as lineally descended from those three heroes of myth, the tailors of Tooley Street who postured as "we, the people of England." We are told that the "Church" or "Christendom" has abandoned the Anselmic idea of the atonement and upholds the claim "that Jesus was the manifestation, the revelation of God in humanity, such as none other has been." If a man sets himself to write on so great a subject as this he ought at least to make sure of his facts. Now we are told that he is in the habit of showing his friends the picture of the Creator shaping Adam from clay which appears in that quaint collection of folk-lore, the Nuremberg Chronicle, and describing it as representing "the orthodoxy of the whole Church" at and after the time of its printing. If he had read his Saint Augustine he would know that the idea in question was described by that doctor of the Church as *nimis puerilis cogitatio* and that it never was included in the "orthodoxy" of the Catholic Church. It was the idea of Milton and of the Calvinists and Puritans, doubtless, and very probably of the less learned members of the Church of England. But only Tooley Street would describe these bodies as "the Church." Well, let us be grateful for small things—we might quite well have had Bishop Barnes. But when will the day dawn when some clear-sighted publisher will ask a Catholic theologian to contribute an article on this subject to a book of this kind? Its character would come as a great surprise to many readers.

Two philosophical articles must not pass unnoticed—that of Professor Lloyd Morgan on biology—really an abridgment of his recent book on *Emergent Evolution* and not, we should imagine, very readily comprehensible to those who have not studied that very interesting and suggestive work—and Professor Taylor's article on philosophy which is like a breath of fresh air after the thick atmosphere of theory in which the reader, for the most part, wanders. The writer does not put forward or endorse any particular theory; but he does give a series of cautions which should be printed large, framed, and hung up in every laboratory. Those who attribute man's mental outfit to a heritage from lower animals should read the criticism of that view in this article and ponder over its writer's remark that "the scholastic doctrine of the direct creation of each 'rational soul' by God seems to embody a principle which psychology cannot afford to overlook." One final piece of criticism must by no means go unnoted. Referring to the bitterness which is so often to be met with in evolutionary discussions, he remarks that this might probably have been avoided "if both parties to the dispute had been careful to remember that you neither explain a thing by saying how it has come to be there, nor explain how it has come to be there by saying what it is." A golden sentence and again one worthy of suspension over the desks of those who compile scientific "explanations" for the instruction of the less informed.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers, by A. Edward Newton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$5.00.

BIBLIOPHILES are, as a rule, charming people, whose pet enthusiasm—and whose affluence—set them apart from the workaday routine of the world and the world's wife, opening up a thousand lively contacts with past or present genius. Precisely what differentiates the psychology of the book lover, the book collector, from the humble or peradventure haughty *littérateur*—the man or woman whose "trade is words"—is not always easy to define. At least, it is not easy

until both write a book. Then we become aware in some mysterious way that one has approached literature from the outside, the other from within. One is preoccupied, it is his business to be preoccupied, with the soul of the book; and it is the business of the other to be preoccupied with its body, even with that body's genealogy.

The old distinction between professional and amateur has very largely disappeared, in both the theatre and the library. Anyone is a professional today whose work is good enough to stand on its own merit, without handicap—anyone is an artist who is able to capture or to create some phase of lasting beauty. Even the word "book lover" was magnificently magnified by the genial Dr. Egan, when he declared that it should mean "one who loves men a little better than books."

All of which relevant or irrelevant reflections come circling about the head of that amiable and fortunate bibliophile, Mr. A. Edward Newton, of whose *Amenities of Book Collecting* one likes to remember not so much that it won him an immediate public, as that it lived delectably up to its title. And now comes a new volume, almost as good as the first and very much more satisfying than the Johnson drama which was sandwiched in between. *The Greatest Book in the World* is full of pleasant literary gossip, and of delightful dilettante and antiquarian information. It is most happy in its reminiscences of Gilbert and Sullivan and of London in the 'eighties, of Shakespeare as seen upon the stage of the "Old Vic," of that eighteenth-century Johnsonian milieu of which Mr. Newton writes as a fond and familiar grandson, and of the old sporting books and prints through which his English enthusiasms run riotously, and where he rejoices robustly in "a world in which everything was wrong but everyone seemed happy."

It is rather a leap from all this to the Bible—which is, of course, the subject of the title essay; but not so great a leap when one finds that he is concerned chiefly with printed versions of the English Bible from Tyndale to King James, although one interesting illustration from the great Gutenberg Vulgate is given. There is a brief, passing reference to the Douay version; and aside from a few *clichés*—such as the "Bloody Mary," which became obsolete when students learned the true story of Elizabeth and the Tyburn persecutions—Mr. Newton has skirted a highly controversial subject with rare detachment and good temper. Only, one is a little astounded to come upon his assertion that "the English Bible (i.e., the King James or 'authorized' version) is the Bible of the world." Spiritual message and authenticity apart, that book has in truth been one of the great landmarks and inspirations of English speech: but "the world" is rather a large order. Again, when he dreams wistfully of the "fifteen hundred years" of Christian scholarship which have gone into the making of the Book of Common Prayer, one wishes the statement might more directly refer to those volumes which alone furnish its truth—those precious sources, priceless even from the collector's viewpoint, the Roman Missal, the Breviary and the various Books of Hours.

But Mr. Newton's work is frankly, at moments even fiercely personal; so personal that a few years ago it would probably have been published privately for a few friends rather than in this sumptuously illustrated edition for the public. He talks for his own delight, chiefly—as all men do when they have a chance—and has great sport airing those "preferences" which Lionel Johnson used to say were permissible joys of literature, and also those "prejudices" which he held anathema. But it is not when animadverting upon the Athanasian creed,

or berating France, or petting the British lion, or writing about Valley Forge with a candid Tory delight in the Meschianza and distaste for the Declaration of Independence, that most readers will prefer to remember Mr. Newton: in fact, it is not in any of his reflections upon politics or sociology or religion. It is rather in the reminiscent chapters already mentioned, or in his praise of Dickens's Christmas Carol as "the greatest little book in the world," or in his fanciful possession of the old Johnson house on Gough Street, furnishing its bedroom walls with portraits of all the women ever held dear by the somewhat philandering Doctor—Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney, the varied shades of Blue Stockings, and those "shameful, shameless ladies" of the stage who were contemporaries of the austere Mrs. Siddons. And this is not merely a matter of the singer keeping within his range, although that is much. It is equally because of the mysterious law which decrees that we shall all be more attractive and more authentic, too, in our preferences than in our prejudices.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

Selwood of Sleepy Cat, by Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

IN NOVELS picturing strange, remote times and peoples, and especially primitive or frontier phases of life, a true sense of local morals and ethics, of rough-and-ready codes and hasty justice, carries more conviction than any amount of scenic color and atmosphere. It was because Bret Harte instinctively recognized this truth that his inimitable tales of the gold-rush days remain perennially fresh and green, when many a modern best-seller of the wild west type is already turning a bit sear and yellow.

It is because Mr. Spearman also visualizes his chosen place and people in the right ethical perspective that *Selwood of Sleepy Cat* is a story to be taken with some degree of seriousness. In it he has given us a score or more of types whose merit is that they are delightfully, unmistakably real. He draws them with an unsparing, almost brutal frankness; card-sharps and hold-up men, cutthroats, knaves and thieves, dyed-in-the-wool outlaws, such as might have stepped straight from the private diaries of genuine forty-niners. *Sleepy Cat* itself, which gives the lie to its name by its extreme wide-awakeness at the first promise of a real, live fight—cat-fight, dog-fight or man-fight—is a small miracle of sordid actuality. Mr. Spearman has not made the mistake of idealizing it, of adding that halo of picturesqueness, which is the stigma of the typical photoplay frontier town. No, *Sleepy Cat* straggles uphill and down, an ungainly whim of fate, in all its native crudity, a rough diamond of collective lawlessness, worthy of a niche in fame, somewhere between Slumgullion, Poker Flat and Jackass Hill. And best of all, in these annals of an outlaw world, is the figure of *Selwood* himself, "Gentleman John" *Selwood*, invincible gamester with a code of his own, whose boast is that he upholds "the honor of a dishonorable profession."

Now, in the building of novels, equally with *One-Hoss Shays*, there is always somewhere a weakest spot. In Mr. Spearman's story that weakest spot is his plot structure, as no doubt he is aware. That Gentleman John should lose his heart to demure, sensitive, ultra-feminine Christie Felder is no more unlikely than that Owen Wister's highly idealized Virginian should lose his to New England Mollie. But that Christie, whose own special type of New England conscience recoiled from playing cards and roulette wheels as from so many rattlesnakes, should have known *Selwood* for many weeks, learned

the man's sterling gold and almost surrendered to him, without discovering, in that small, gossipy, wide-awake *Sleepy Cat* town, that his reputation as prince of gamblers was state-wide, is just one of those things that couldn't happen, short of the heroine being deaf, dumb and blind. While as for the ancient history of *Selwood's* mysterious past, the doubtful marriage of his parents, the question of his own legitimacy, one feels that it detracts rather than adds anything of real importance. Because the foundation stone of human relations in those pioneer days was to take a man for his intrinsic worth, and ask no awkward questions about his past.

We find a certain Homeric joy in *Selwood*. We accept him as a human bird of prey, but with this difference, that he is an eagle among buzzards, and from his serene height he disdains to concern himself with their foul traffic, until something happens to touch him personally—and then we have an epic battle, a hectic one-night Iliad, around the blazing walls of *Sleepy Cat*—a wonderful rough-and-tumble fight to a finish, glimpsed murkily through smoke and darkness. It is good, virile, breathless hand-to-hand fighting, the kind of fighting that distinguishes the true soldier-of-fortune fiction from the spurious. And when we get it, only too rarely, we care little whether the hero of the moment, be an Ajax, or a D'Artagnan or a *Selwood of Sleepy Cat*, bears a bar sinister or not.

Mr. Spearman would have us think that *Selwood* in the end burned his gambling palace, as a concession to Christie's scruples. But *Selwood* reformed is as colorless as a cat in the dark. What we love to remember is *Selwood*, the invincible; *Selwood*, a law unto himself; *Selwood*, of Gargantuan audacity, bidding a thousand dollars a pair, in that unforgettable auction-duel to a finish, for a dozen "Queen of Sheba" stockings.

FREDERICK TABER COOPER.

The Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Company. \$3.00.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1000, there was a lady of the Japanese court, who was not very different from the ladies of our present day. She was wearied with the useless life that court ladies were compelled to lead, and sought in her leisure moments, to gain surcease from boredom by composing a tale of a courtier of her own time. This tale has survived, and as *The Tale of Genji*, is presented in translation, by Arthur Waley. This is the first connected Japanese novel, of added interest in that it is the work of a woman.

The graceful translation adds immeasurably to the charm of the text. Those of us who have yawned through wearisome epics purported to be translations, marred by the labored intricacies of "pidgin-English," will be grateful to Mr. Waley. He has succeeded in presenting the book as it should be, in proper and delightful English of our day, leaving the "quaintness" to discover itself only occasionally in some of the quotations. "Not knowing if any will come to nurture the tender leaf whereon it lies, how loath is the dewdrop to vanish in the sunny air," is the exclamation of *Genji* upon seeing for the first time, the child whom he later adopted.

Lady Murasaki gives a vivid impression of the times with her descriptions of court functions and ceremonials. The main point of interest is, aside from the story itself, the escape from the style of the folk-tale. That the first novel known to Japanese literature is so real, so truly human, so quaint, and yet so modern, would indicate that the Japanese have much yet unearthed, to contribute toward the classics of the world.

M. H. H.

BRIEFER MENTION

New York and Other Poems, by Mary Dixon Thayer. Philadelphia: Dorrance and Company. \$1.75.

AMONG our younger poets Mary Dixon Thayer is a singer who can show all the best qualities in modern poetry and a large endowment of the spirituality, and profound common sense, of the classic authors. Her poems have had a wide circulation in the magazines, have aroused the interest and admiration of the judicious, and gained an enviable niche in the anthologies of careful critics and readers wherever clean, high, sensitive singing is appreciated and cherished. There is a lightness of touch in Miss Thayer's best work that often eludes the first reading and only on reconsideration displays the solid bases of her enthusiasm and the lofty philosophy that is embodied in a very fervent soul, singing with a clear and unaffected beauty of tone. Miss Thayer seems to us a poet of unusual distinction, and of a high promise already achieving itself nobly in this, her second volume of poetry. As in *Songs of Youth*, so in the selections of *New York and Other Poems*, we have poems to be treasured not only by the bibliophile but by any soulful wanderer on the roads of our modern day. The lines *At Night*, show an exquisite mood exquisitely suggested—

"With your oar touch the lake
Quietly, or it will break,
See the little ripples spread!
See the mountains and trees float
Upside down under the boat!
Throw your head back and just stare
Up and up—for worlds are there—
Millions of them—dipped in sun
When God make such things for fun!
Do not speak. Tonight I know
What love is and why, and so
You need only touch my hand
Silently. I'll understand."

Balcony Stories, by Grace King. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

UNDER the charming title of *Balcony Stories*, Miss Grace King has gathered together a number of characteristic sketches of New Orleans types, the episodes of a changing period after the Civil War, in the Louisiana capital, that renew the delightful impression of her earlier books on this, her home country. The old aristocrat types, the gentleman and lady, the intermediate generation between the old world splendors and the new world progresses are deftly delineated by a pen that possesses all the magic of George Washington Cable, with a fine romantic quality all Miss King's own.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Why," cried an excited visitor who had burst into the Library and advanced upon the unwary Doctor Angelicus, "why did you write me that you did not like my latest short story?"

"Are you armed?" asked the Doctor. "Tittivillus, search this man."

"I come armed only with my tongue and righteous indignation," declared the stranger.

"Well then, I will answer you in parables," replied Doctor Angelicus. "A certain committee of women, previous to the recent municipal election, decided to have a meeting of their political organization, and determined to invite the Republican, Democratic and Socialist candidates for the mayoralty to speak. They called on Mr. Walker first, and having outlined their plan to him secured his promise to address the meeting. The Socialist candidate complied as well. They then went to see Mr. Waterman. After some difficulty with secretaries, they were ushered into his presence. On hearing their request, Mr. Waterman said—

"Ladies, I will be glad to address your meeting on one condition—no one must ask me any questions." Dr. Angelicus paused significantly. "I voted for Waterman on Election Day," he added.

"The parable is, I presume, that you agree to be an editor if you don't have to answer any questions," said the visitor with sarcasm. "I as well will speak in parables. I voted for

(Continued on page 56)

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Walker, and" the stranger snatched his hat up indignantly, "you may recall that he was elected."

So saying, he strode haughtily out of the Library.

"Rather clever of me," muttered the Doctor more to himself than to Miss Brynmorian who is privileged to enter the Library whenever she wills but who has been somewhat discouraged by several bad falls she has had tripping over the galley proofs she is wont to carry. This morning she had wound them around her neck and so made the journey in safety.

"You remind me of the ex-mayor of Dunstable, England," she said unwinding herself from the galleys which enwrapped her, mummy-wise. "The newspapers state that his daughter, Miss Lucy Dales, was elected mayor to succeed him, with only one dissentient vote—that cast by her father. Asked why he had not voted for her, the ex-mayor refused to answer, though finally I believe they did wring a reason from him to the effect that he did not wish her to have the strain that the responsibility of the office carried."

"As mayor, I suppose she would have the power of enforcing a curfew ordinance for elderly fathers," mused Angelicus. "Reason enough why he should not vote for her."

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At this moment Primus Criticus entered the Library.

"What news on the Rialto?" demanded the Doctor genially.

"Well, last evening I saw the Provincetown Players produce their new play—Adam Solitaire," replied Criticus.

"Nicely timed," said the Doctor reflectively, "for I see by the signs in the grocery-store windows that this is 'Apple Week.'"

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"It seems that it is not the children alone who are to receive Christmas presents this year," went on Angelicus stretching out the folds that persist in forming across his waistband. "Here we have Brentano's announcing The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots, and The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth"—

"Haven't you confused the titles, Doctor," asked Primus Criticus, "surely it is The Courtships of Mary Queen of Scots, and The Love Affairs of Queen Elizabeth."

"I wish you would not be quite so meticulous, Criticus. I take the titles as the publishers give them."

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"You seem rather irritable this morning," said Criticus. "Didn't you have a pleasant time last evening?"

"Very," replied the Doctor, "though a strange thing happened. I went for a cold supper at my niece's home. After cocktails, she asked me to carve, saying as we entered the dining room, 'it's very simple fare—only a cold leg of lamb.' When the platter was placed before me, I rubbed my eyes—then made a rapid mental calculation of the cocktails I had taken. For the leg of lamb appeared to have wings, and in fact looked and seemed to be a duck. As my niece holds me in respect, I said nothing, but performed, I hope, my task with dignity. Just the same I would love to know whether it was a lamb or a duck."

"That makes me think of my last trans-Atlantic journey," said Criticus. "One evening in the dining salon I ordered from my stolid English waiter, roast mutton. When the dish was brought it looked exactly like beef. So I said to the waiter—'This appears to be beef. It doesn't look like mutton.' At which he drew himself up stiffly. 'Perhaps,' he replied with dignity, 'it will taste like mutton, sir.'"

—THE LIBRARIAN.